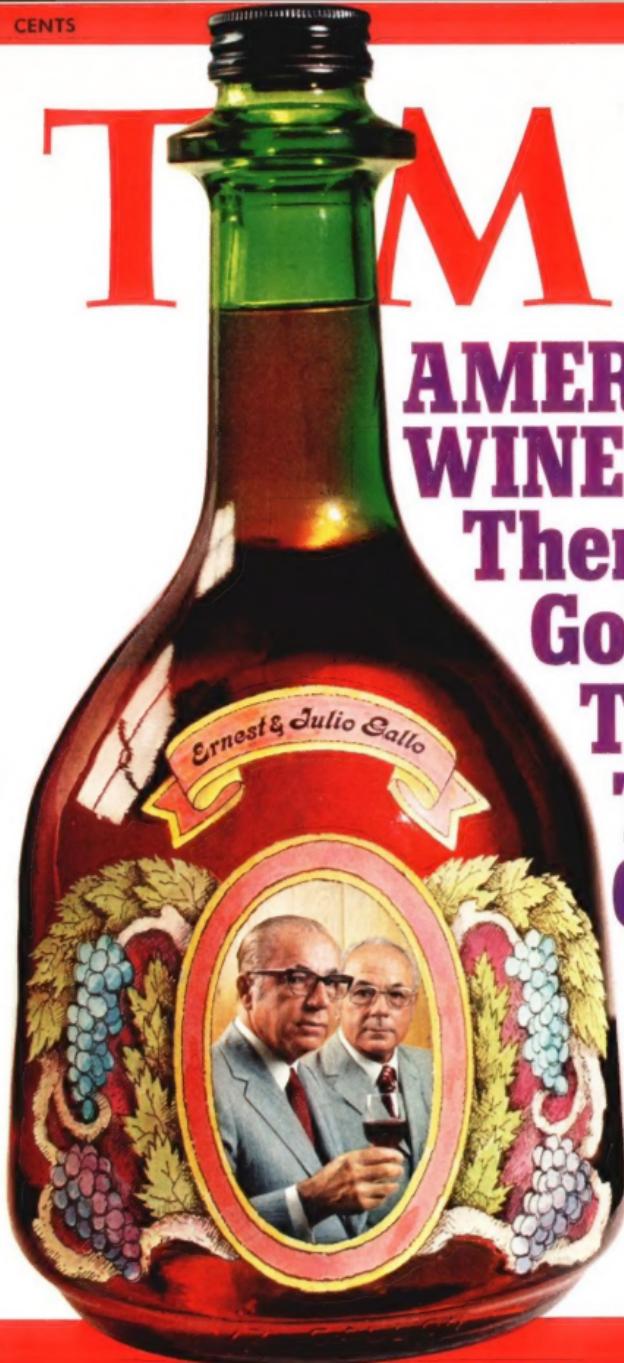


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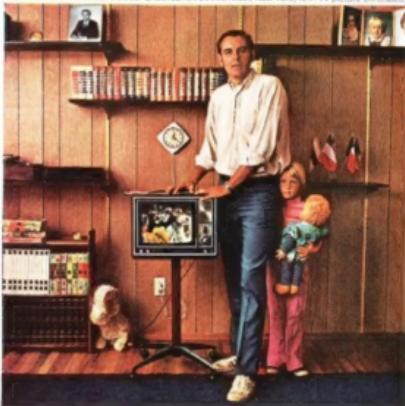
NOVEMBER 27, 1972

TIME

AMERICAN WINE: There's Gold in Them Thar Grapes



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"I've been playing this Trinitron 18 hours a day, 7 days a week, for almost 3 years."

Jim Rogers, Transmitter Supervisor, TV Channel 40, Sacramento, Calif.

It's not that I'm some kind of TV nut. It's my job.

As transmitter supervisor for our TV station, I've got to see that the picture we put out over the air is sharp and clear. So, when Sony first came out with their Trinitron® color TV back in the fall of '69, we bought one to use as a monitor in our control room.

The Sony Trinitron had the brightest, sharpest, cleanest picture we could find. We figured if anything was wrong with the picture, it had to be our transmission.

We kept the Sony running the entire time we were on the air—18 hours a day, 7 days a week. Often we didn't bother to turn it off at all, so it was running around the clock.

It got to be kind of a game with the crew. Will it ever break down? It never did.

A few months ago, we had to replace all our monitoring equipment because of new Government regulations.

But I couldn't bear to part from the Sony. I took it home.

I replaced two transistors—the only repair the set has ever needed. And it wouldn't have needed *that* if it had been playing in someone's home. Where it sat, boxed in among power equipment, was like playing in an oven.

By now it has about 18,000 hours on it. For an ordinary person—watching, say, 4 hours a day—that would come out to 12 years!

I've never seen a set stand up like that, and you can quote me.

SONY Ask anyone.

The Trinitron now comes in 9", 12", 15" and 17" diagonal screen sizes.

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*A report from
Carey Loftin.*

SHELL: Tires are very important to a stunt driver, aren't they?

LOFTIN: Yes they are. You have to depend on your tires, first; engine, the rest of the car, second.

SHELL: You just tested Shell's new Steel Belted Tires. In general, what do you think about them?

LOFTIN: Well, I felt very secure, very safe at all times, no matter what I did. I never had one fear of failure at all.

SHELL: At one point you drove over some wet pavement, what about the skid resistance?

LOFTIN: It seemed very good and very equal and very little sway whatsoever. I was really amazed that I could hold the car as straight as I did.

SHELL: You also did some quick stops from 80 miles an hour on this wet stretch of track. How did the tires react?

LOFTIN: They all seemed to

react the same. I thought I would be real busy correcting, trying to hold the car straight. But, with very little correction, I was able to stop practically in a straight line.

SHELL: What about on the slopes and the curves, did you notice much roll-over or squirming on the part of the tires?

LOFTIN: No, they didn't. They felt the same all the time. The tires, the steering geometry never seemed to change at all.

SHELL: Carey, do you have any relatives?

LOFTIN: Yes, I do.

SHELL: Would you recommend Shell's new Steel Belted Tires to her or him?

LOFTIN: To any of them I would. I have three sisters and a brother and I would recommend them to anyone. I think they are amply

safe for the even better than average driver, not even the average driver, above average. I would say that you are amply safe with the Shell tires.

SHELL: Carey, do you have any other comments you would like to add to this at all?

LOFTIN: Not specifically. I can only say in general, I've never performed on a better tire. It seemed to hold its shape and stand up. So, in general it is one of the best tires I've ever driven on.

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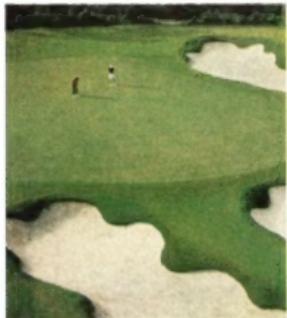
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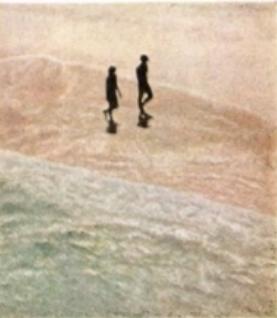
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Freeport is five 18-hole championship golf courses. Another is at West End.



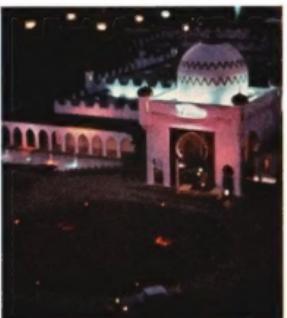
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Freeport is international entertainment and Bahamian Goombay.



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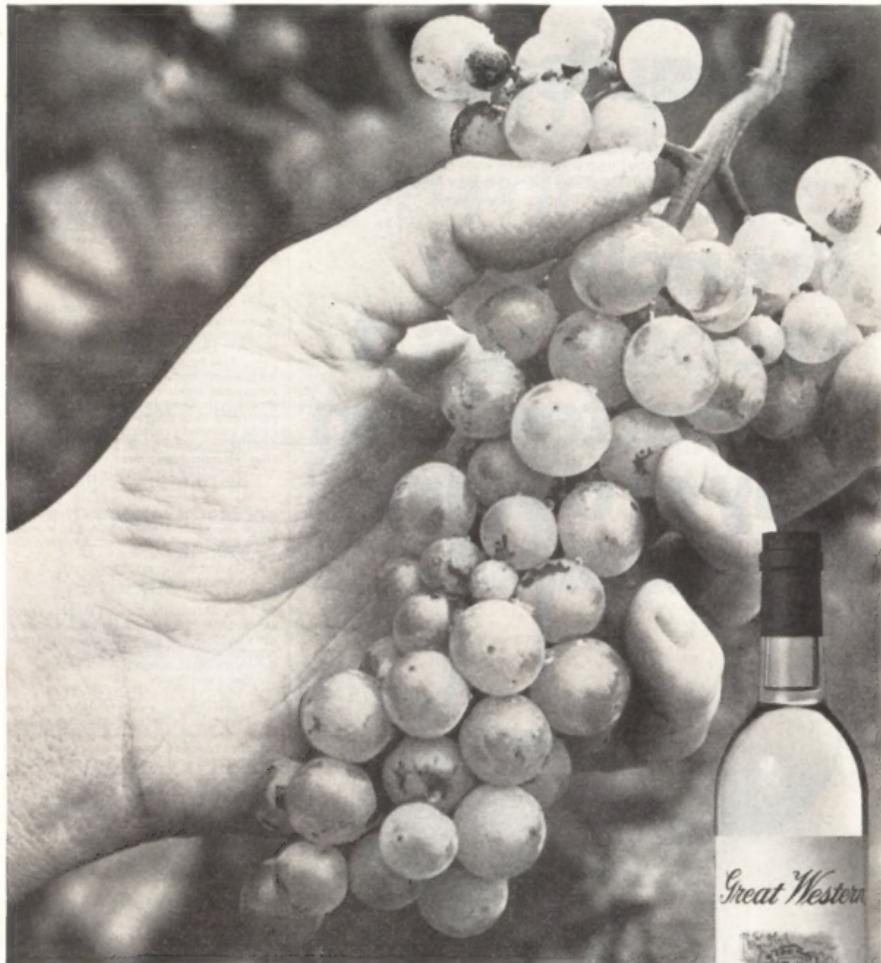


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LETTERS

What War Has Meant

Sir / You suggest [Nov. 6] that "this is the moment to look back on what the war meant, and to look ahead to...what peace will mean."

My friends and I were about twelve years old in 1959 when the first Americans were killed in Viet Nam, a place no one had ever heard of. We know too well what the war meant: it has become a part of us. We are not able, however, to look ahead to what peace will mean. It will be an entirely new experience.

STEVEN L. STERN
New York City

Sir / In reference to your Viet Nam conflict chronology, I am very grateful that you did not fail to state that in July 1955, with U.S. support, Diem barred reunification elections. This fact has apparently been overlooked (or willfully ignored) by many Americans, especially those who loftily proclaim the God-given right of every people to determine their own destiny by means of the electoral process. Obviously the dictum did not apply in Viet Nam, where "Bad Guy" Ho might have won.

GUNTHER BIENES
Havre de Grace, Md.

Sir / The exact timing of the Viet Nam peace announcements leads one to wonder if the world would not benefit from monthly U.S. elections.

MADELINE K. PORTER
Black Hawk, Colo.

Sir / For Man of the Year: Vermont's Senator George Aiken, whose plan for ending the Viet Nam War (Say we won and get out) is finally about to be adopted.

WILLIAM MALONE
Spokane, Wash.

Sir / Now that the Viet Nam War seems to be drawing to a close, the immense and almost unbearable task must begin—to understand how and why such a catastrophic moral tragedy occurred. The war will end, but the social, political, and spiritual disintegration it engendered will not. For decades to come, the Viet Nam conflict will stand as a great dividing line in our moral history.

NORMAN J. GALLO
Wailuku, Hawaii

Organized Greed?

Sir / The work ethic that Mr. Nixon sanctimoniously extols [Oct. 30] is an Establishment euphemism for our system of organized greed, in which everyone has both hands out grabbing as much as he can for as little work as possible—while at the same time making every effort to avoid paying his fair share of taxes.

There must be a better system.
RICHARD T. WALNUT
Vincentown, N.J.

Sir / The work ethic will never go out of style. The whole aim of life is to have a function that you can work at every waking hour. The work ethic is not in trouble. But working for money just might be, because money alone has become the measure of purpose.

The great challenge to our system is to weave new measures of working purpose into personal and corporate endeavor.

It is time to retire when the drive to work diminishes. It is time to die when there

Marquisat.

Look at the words "Beaujolais Villages" on the label. They tell you that Marquisat is no ordinary Beaujolais.

French law permits only those wines that come from the best wine-producing villages in the Beaujolais District to bear these words. Ask for Marquisat. It's not just an ordinary Beaujolais. But a great Beaujolais Villages.

French law recognizes it as better than any ordinary Beaujolais.



SOLE IMPORTER U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO. N.Y.

Why haven't you gotten the message?

There were a lot of people ready for Vantage when we were ready *with* Vantage. And you wouldn't believe how quickly they began buying them up.

Apparently, many smokers were concerned about 'tar' and nicotine and wanted to smoke a cigarette that reduced 'tar' and nicotine without reducing flavor.

And that's the idea behind Vantage Filter. It gives you the flavor of a full-flavor cigarette. Without anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine. And it does that better than any other cigarette on the market.

With one exception. Vantage Menthol.

But the problem with Vantage Menthol is that a lot of smokers don't even know that there is a Vantage Menthol.

And there we failed.

In our effort to let smokers know about Vantage, we allowed our menthol to play second fiddle.

Vantage Menthol has the cool fresh taste all menthol smokers go for, and at the same time reduces 'tar' to 12 milligrams and nicotine to 0.9 milligrams.

Now we don't want to fool you. You will find a few menthol brands with lower numbers, but you won't find one that you'll enjoy smoking as much.

So, menthol smokers, if we've failed to let you know of our existence, here goes.

Vantage Menthol is here.

If you're ready for us, we're ready for you.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine - av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. 72.

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Far from the noisy
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"I want you to tell me what kind of goals are realistic under my particular circumstances.

"And then I want to meet those goals.

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"A friend who's in the computer business put me on to them. He told me their Trust Department is doing things with computers ahead of anyone else in the country . . .

"All the analysts and portfolio managers and investment committees who work on my account are evaluated with the help of computer programs.

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"And I'm not the only one who thinks so. Continental invests billions for all kinds of customers. For people like me. And for corporations and universities and pension funds . . .

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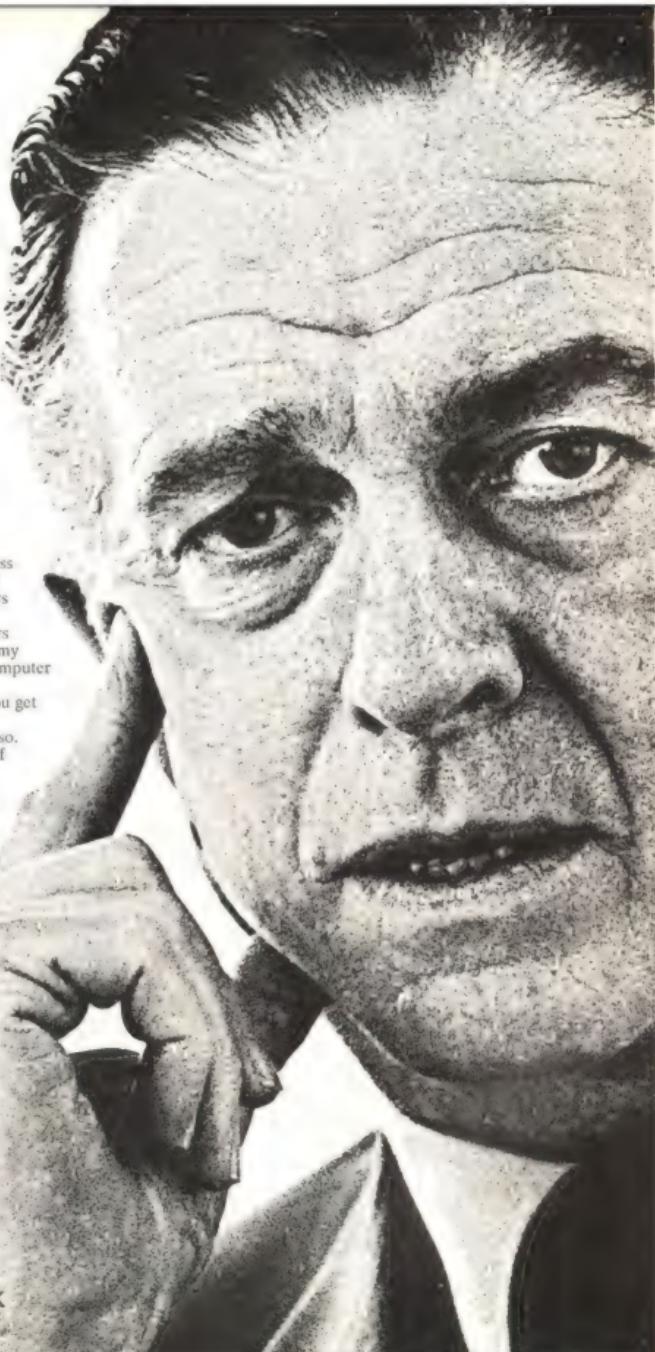
Our Trust Department's management service handles all the investment details for you, including the buy and sell decisions. Or, if you prefer to keep decision control, our advisory service gives you recommendations which you can approve or reject. Or, with our agency service, we'll simply hold your securities safely in the Bank's vaults, keep tax records, and do custodial and bookkeeping chores.

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LETTERS

is no sense of purpose. The trauma of our society is that there are millions of people who have no sense of purpose, but who, physiologically, are too healthy to die.

HENRY W. HALL SR.
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Sir / Millions of Americans who have spent a considerable part of their lives working at menial and unpleasant jobs now feel that Americans who "see no virtue" in such jobs are the reason that it is difficult to get very excited about the large amount of joblessness indicated by unemployment statistics. Unemployed once meant "unable to find a job," not "unwilling to take a job."

ROBERT F. W. MAYER
Champaign, Ill.

Sir / The counterculture, of which I am a part, has discovered that it would rather grow its food and lead a more peaceful life than the tedium of the 9-to-5 rat race.

The work ethic is not going out of style. Instead, the style of life is changing.

MARK LEVY

Los Angeles

Sir / So "Over the past two decades, the percentage of married women who work has risen from 25% to 42%."

May you sink into the sea.

NANCY COLEMAN

Hibbing, Minn.

Sir / Your work-ethic Essay suggests that all work should be "soul enriching" whatever that means.

There is much work that is routine or messy that must be done. Also let's not overlook the fact that the world is full of people who want "easy" repetitive work that does not require mental effort.

Your writer shows his ignorance by critically noting that on auto-assembly lines a "worker must even get permission" to go to the bathroom. Would your writer stop an entire assembly line producing a car a minute rather than have a foreman find a temporary replacement for a worker who can't wait for the regular rest period?

G.F. LANGFORD
Marco Island, Fla.

Sir / It is very clear to me that the work ethic is suffering from a glamour gap. As the occupational glamour index rises and falls at the public's whim, certain jobs go begging while others are coveted.

Downgrading of certain tasks completely disregards the dramatic possibilities of almost any career. We may rant against toil, and yet we were created for it. While deplored job hardships, we doggedly scrub and paint at home to enhance the family image. Prolonged inactivity leaves us mean or deadened.

INGRID TUTTEL
Lakeland, Fla.

Sir / While commanding much that TIME has to say about the work ethic, I challenge your statement "John Calvin asserted that hard-earned material success was a sign of God's predestining grace." This judgment, though sometimes affirmed in superficial references to Calvin, is an erroneous inference from certain views of Max Weber. Weber failed to examine such passages in Calvin's writings as: "Wherever prosperity flows uninterruptedly, its effects gradually corrupt even the best of us." Here Calvin calls the view that "God manifested his favor by prosperity" quite erroneous and "a common evil" (referring to Deuteronomy 8:12).

Passages warning against the perils of prosperity and the assumption that it serves as proof of divine acceptance are scattered through Calvin's *Commentaries*. Like

**After I treat you like the chairman
of the board on the plane, I give
you 29 branch offices in Germany
when you land, so that being there
will be as easy as getting there.**

The Red Baron



Here you see 29 dots, each one the location of a Lufthansa office in Germany. My people in each one will help you obtain hotel reservations and car rental, find you a secretary or an interpreter, tip you off on business hours, customs regulations, who to contact, and banking services when you fly to Germany on business. And help you with shopping and sightseeing advice when you're off-duty. Nobody knows Germany better than we do, because when we fly to Germany we're going home. For reservations: your travel agent or Lufthansa.

 **Lufthansa**
German Airlines

We regret to report that business has never been better.

Unfortunately, today's world damages people faster than we can repair them.

So we need help. Lots of it.

Volunteer hours to bring people's lives up to bearable.

And money.

We're well aware that ours is not the only just cause. But no other service you can support makes your contributions go further. Ninety-three cents out of every dollar you give to us goes into direct help.

If you're already a believer in the Army, please pass this report along. If you'd like more information as to how you can help (or you're wondering where to send your check), contact Lt. Colonel Andrew S. Miller, The Salvation Army, 18 South Michigan—Room 912, Chicago, Illinois 60603.

God bless you.



IN ORDER TO TALK ABOUT WINE, YOU HAVE TO LEARN THE LANGUAGE.

Wine has its own language, not in order to be uppity or anything like that.

Rather, wine words are used in an effort to describe taste sensations—an impossible task from the start since taste can't really be put into words, and everyone has a different sense of it.

Be that as it may, here is a glossary of wine terms brought to you by Inglenook, the most expensive wine made in America.

We've divided our vocabulary into two sections in order to cover those words which describe taste sensations observed in the mouth and those observed in the nose.

WORDS OF MOUTH.

ACIDITY: The essential natural sourness which gives bite on the tongue. It is an important keeping quality and contributes to bouquet.

BALANCED: The best combination of physical components—fruit, alcohol, tannin, acid, and the less tangible grace elements of "breed," "character," and "fineness."

BIG: A wine strong of flavor and high in alcohol and acidity.

BODY: The feeling of weight in the mouth, a tactile sense of substance that depends on the solids in solution and which distinguishes heavy from light wines.

CHARACTER: Complexity in a wine that shows unmistakable and distinctive features, possibly defying precise description.

DELICATE: A light and agreeable balance of flavor and quality.

DEPTH: Subtle richness giving a feeling of many flavor-layers.

DRY: Complete absence of sweetness.

EARTHY: A mineral or organic taste of the soil or terrain.

FINE: Superior quality and complexity.

FINISH: The "aftertaste," or the firm and distinctive flavor remaining after swallowing a well-balanced wine.

FOXY: Describing the distinctive spicy tang of native American grapes.

FULL-BODIED: Thick in the tactile sense.

LIGHT: Slender of body.

LUSCIOUS: All the balance qualities of softness, sweetness, fruitiness and ripeness.

MELLOW: Soft, ripe and well-matured.

NOBLE: Wine of consistent and continuing great quality and elegance.

NUTTY: A crisp, almost salty taste used to describe some heavy, dry white wines and Sherry.

RICH: A full, but not necessarily sweet, combination of fruit, flavor and body.

RIPE: Wine in its full bloom of maturity and mellow ness.



Foxy wine.

ROBUST: Tough, full-bodied wine with much tannin that makes it appear immature, though it may develop in time.

VELVETY: An expression of soft, silky smoothness, implying complexity and quality.

VIGOROUS: A lively, healthy, winy sense of taste descriptive of developing young wines.

WORDS OF NOSE.

ACIDITY: Present and natural in all grapes and wines. Proper acidity in a young wine gives it liveliness and a pleasant mouthwatering quality.

AROMA: The perfume of the grape, in contrast to "bouquet" which is the smell of the wine itself.

BOUQUET: The smell of wine, being characteristic odors developed by oxidation of fruit acids and alcohol.

CLEAN: The absence of foreign or unpleasant smells.

DEEP: A bouquet of full, rich and lasting quality.

FLINTY: The smell of struck flint, typical of certain austere dry wines from high mineral-soil.

FRAGRANT: Attractively and naturally scented.

FRUITY: A pleasantly ripe but not necessarily grapey smell.

GRAPY: A rich, sweet aroma produced by certain grape varieties.

NOSE: The combined bouquet and aroma of a wine.

PERFUME: A quality of bouquet developed in the maturing process, as opposed to aroma.

SPICY: Rich and herb-like.

STALKY: A descriptive smell of damp twigs.

WOODY: A particular smell derived from aging in oak casks.



Bouquet.



The nose of wine.

WINE LANGUAGE, SELF TAUGHT.

Of course, the best way to learn the language of wine is not from a book or a list of words like this, but rather from the wine you drink.

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LETTERS

many Puritans. Calvin approved of work not only in obedience to the commandment, "Six days shalt thou labor," but also as a means of helping those in need.

JOHN F. MCNILL
Middlebury, Vt.

Scared

Sir / Incredible! First we have massive evidence that the Committee for the Re-Election of the President has been engaged in unprecedented political espionage, then we discover [Nov. 6] that the once respected FBI is also on Mr. Nixon's payroll.

Whether the President in fact meant for the FBI to become involved in political studies relating to his bid for re-election is not important to me. The problem is that I believe that he might have. Color me scared.

ERIC L. WHEATER
Lyons Falls, N.Y.

No Rationale for Murder, But...

Sir / Re your article on De Mau Mau [Oct. 30], of course their reasons are not a rationale for murder. However, it makes a hell of a lot more sense for a black in that position to murder a wealthy white than it does for him to murder a Viet Cong or North Vietnamese soldier.

JAMES M. BEESTING
Lake Park, Fla.

Buried Slaves

Sir / I think it is quite fitting that Jay Cooper, the descendant of a Confederate general, is now the mayor of Prichard, Ala. [Oct. 16].

Your statement about the side-by-side burial of the general and his mistress raises an interesting point. The fact is that some

...but just look at her now!

When little Betania first came to our affiliated Children's Home in Brazil, she was nine months old and so undernourished her skin broke at the slightest touch. Her destitute mother had fed Betania on water sweetened with sugar—nothing else . . .

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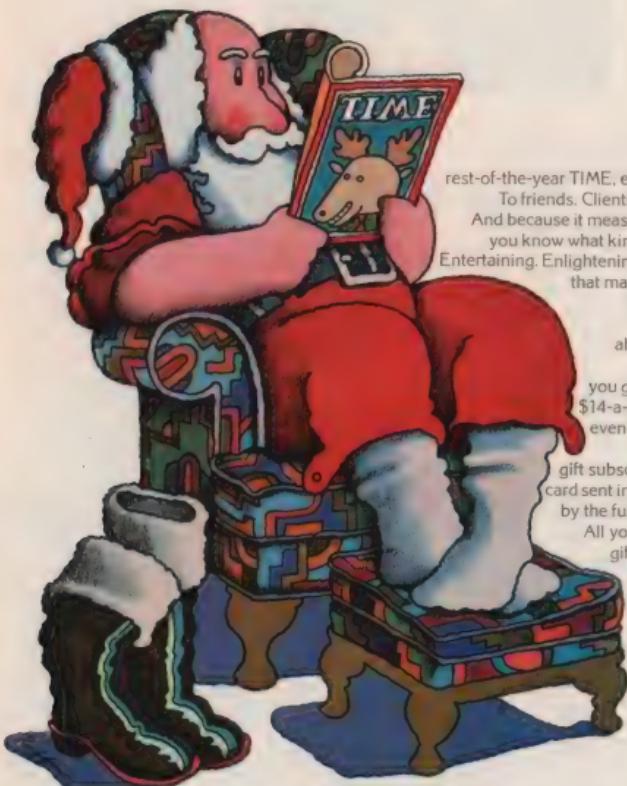
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Photographs enlarged to show detail

72-108

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LETTERS

slaves wanted to be buried close to their white families, and in many instances it was done. One Mississippian told me that in his family plot there is one slave's grave now completely surrounded by the family. All of this came about because masters and slaves sometimes developed a deep sense of affection and loyalty not depending necessarily upon an adulterous relationship.

GORDON GUNTER
Ocean Springs, Miss.

A Craving

Sir / In 1970 my friend and I visited Russia and met I yudmilla Prusskova [Oct. 30] and her husband outside the Moscow Synagogue. She was a teacher and he a director for a TV station, but both lost their jobs after applying for exit visas to Israel. What will always remain with me is the innocence of two human beings who craved to go to Israel for spiritual reasons—a desire that is in the mind and soul and transcends the political ideology of the country in which they are presently trapped. I believe that it is hard for most Americans, and indeed for all free people, to understand this feeling of lack of control over one's destiny.

ROSLYN J. BRANDON
Washington, D.C.

Monuments to Freedom

Sir / You say that the U.S. spends \$240 million in aid to South Korea annually [Oct. 30]. What you did not mention is that a Korean soldier earns \$2 a month to serve in Korea, but he gets \$38 a month extra if he volunteers to go to South Viet Nam. Guess who pays the difference.

We have had a large hand in giving

President Park his vast power. Now the question is: Can we continue to support his dictatorship?

When I was a Peace Corps volunteer in South Korea I noticed that the Koreans had not forgotten the 34,000 Americans who died there nor the U.N. forces that helped them achieve their freedom. The country abounds in monuments to those who served it.

JIM DAVIDSON
Bismarck, N.Dak.

A Reminder

Sir / As an ex-prisoner of Auschwitz-Birkenau I find it sad that John Cardinal Krol did not seize the opportunity of true ecumenism while at the beatification ceremony of his noble colleague, Friar Maximilian Kolbe [Oct. 30]. The fact remains that the overwhelming majority of those who lost their lives in Auschwitz were Jews, and among them many, Polish Jews. Since many of the zealous Polish Catholics with the "emblazoned banners of their parishes," were equally zealous in helping the Nazis exterminate practically the entire Jewish population of Poland (more than 3 million dead), Cardinal Krol could have done a great service to humanity by reminding this zealous gathering and the world at large that hate and bigotry, racial or political, know no boundaries.

I.D. GROSMANN
Minneapolis.

Still in the Bedroom

Sir / The most devastating jab at French sensuality [Nov. 6] is that any man who could count to 44 minutes during inter-

course would ever bother to do so. Despite the influx of science into the bedroom, the accuracy of sexual data gathered by interview is questionable at best. In such a turbulent moral climate, the true sexual attitudes of the French (and the Americans) are probably still prisoners of those dark bedrooms.

MARK L. OLINHORN
Providence

Sir / Isn't it gratifying to know that the duration of the sexual act is 15 to 44 minutes for 24% of the French people interviewed. Isn't it wonderful that the French populace has been trained to start a timer on introduction and shut it off at orgasm. Forty-four minutes, imagine.

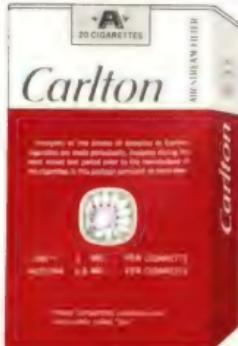
ARTHUR COOPER
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAZINE
Nov. 27, 1972 Vol. 100 No. 22

STEVE NORTHUP

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

And Now...1976!

The nation is just beginning to collect its wits after the last campaigns, but the pollsters, always looking onward and upward, have already zeroed in on 1976. Two days after the election Louis Harris produced a trial heat that showed Ted Kennedy running ahead of Spiro Agnew in the presidential sweepstakes 51% to 43%. The pollsters, like journalists, are just doing their job of course, but presidential campaigns are already too long. It is a bit depressing to begin them four years in advance.

So Long, 1792

There has always been a great deal of mutual suspicion in confrontations between American Indians and American officialdom, but there was also—at one time at least—considerable dignity and pride. That was in the early days of the Republic, when men like the great Seneca leader Red Jacket could lead a delegation of 50 chiefs to Philadelphia (as he did in 1792) to talk about tribal relations with another powerful sovereign, President George Washington.

The suspicion and distrust remain, but the dignity is fast fading—on both sides. The seizure of Alcatraz three years ago by a number of young militants was an early sign that the more restless, more urban Indians of the

1970s would not share the reticence of their reservation-bred elders. The ransacking of the Bureau of Indian Affairs by 600-odd Indian militants who gathered in Washington to demonstrate for needed changes in federal policy is another indication that the old era of pride has given way to a new—and surprisingly delayed—period of violent protest. Offices were torn apart, furniture was smashed, the walls were covered with aerosol-can graffiti; typewriters, books and some 600 paintings were simply stolen. Now that the full extent of the damage has been revealed (\$2,280,000 worth, by the Government's reckoning), moderate Indian leaders are outraged and fearful of a backlash that could hurt the entire Indian movement. But it was not only the young militants who defaced the old traditions. Anxious to bring the whole shabby episode to an end with as little fuss as possible, the Administration hastily collected \$66,650 in "expense money" from various agencies, sent the wampum to the bureau in a black leather attaché case and had it passed out to the young demonstrators as they finally ended their siege. That was a very long way from 1792 when, as a token of respect, George Washington presented Red Jacket with a medal.

Backyard A-Bombs

Nuclear weapons have always been considered the deadly cudgels of superpowers. That may not be true in the future. According to a University of Virginia law professor, the possibility that lunatic-fringers and gangsters may some day be able to make their own nuclear devices is no longer just the stuff of science fiction but a reality.

Speaking before the American Nuclear Society and the Atomic Industrial Forum in Washington, D.C., Professor Mason Willrich, who chaired an international body of experts studying the problem, said that most scientists in the field "consider the design and manufacture of a crude nuclear explosive device to be no longer an extremely difficult task technically." He warned that both the amount of nuclear material and the number of people who have access to it are growing at a disturbing rate. A spokesman for the Atomic Energy Commission pointed out that the construction of even the most rudimentary device would require a team of highly trained technicians. Still, the slightest possibility of backyard A-bombs is so fearful that the AEC is spending several million dollars a year to provide extra protection for fissionable material.

RANSACKED BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS



FRANCIS FAY



LE DUC THO IN PARIS



LEAVING U.S. BASE IN VIET NAM



KISSINGER BEFORE FLYING TO PARIS

The Peace Momentum Resumes

FOR several uneasy weeks, the peace cavalcade had been marking time. With an eye to a nervous ally, unpredictable voters and future historians, Richard Nixon had stayed the negotiations, waiting for the election to pass. But now the momentum has resumed. Ending North Viet Nam's holdout against a reopening of the talks on its nine-point plan, Hanoi's negotiator Le Duc Tho arrived in Paris (via Peking and Moscow) aboard an Aeroflot jet, expressing hopes to "rapidly settle" the remaining issues. In Washington, Henry Kissinger gathered his notes and his aides and flew off to join Le Duc Tho in the "one more" bargaining go-round that would—barring any sudden reversal—at last bring peace in Viet Nam.

But when? For the first time it was possible to sketch out a fairly firm timetable. In all likelihood, this week's talks between the President's National Security Adviser and the North Vietnamese on the 58-page draft agreement would continue for at least three or four days and perhaps even more. Following the Paris sessions, either Kissinger or his deputy, General Alexander M. Haig, would go to Saigon to review the terms with South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu, who is preparing for a cease-fire while continuing to maintain a public posture of bristling opposition to a settlement.

Then Kissinger would return to Paris, where he and Le Duc Tho would initial the draft. The papers could be ready for a formal signing in Paris by U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers and North Vietnamese Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh as early as the end of the month, but in any case the signing would take place no later than mid-December. Under the 60-day withdrawal plan, the remaining U.S. troops in South Viet Nam and the more than 500 P.O.W.s known to be held by the Communists throughout Indochina could begin coming home before Christmas.

Inevitable. Though Hanoi's anger and suspicion were thoroughly aroused by Richard Nixon's decision to stall the headlong negotiations beyond North Viet Nam's Oct. 31 "deadline" and the U.S. election, there never was much doubt that the North Vietnamese were still eager for a settlement. The Administration revealed last week that Hanoi had agreed in principle before the U.S. election to talk over the "six or seven issues" Kissinger had mentioned in his dramatic Oct. 26 TV press conference. After the Nov. 7 landslide, the North Vietnamese proposed to begin the talks on Nov. 20, and Washington quickly consented.

In conversations in Paris last week, TIME Correspondent Jerrold Schecter

found a pervasive feeling among sources close to the North Vietnamese that the Communists were ready to settle and "have reached the point of the inevitable." Schecter was repeatedly assured that Hanoi wants a solution and a new era of relations with the U.S. Le Duc Tho was evidently saying much the same thing when he stopped in Peking and Moscow on his way to Paris. Having earlier pressed the North Vietnamese to complete the peace talks, Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev now publicly chided Washington for putting "obstacles" in the path of a settlement.

The new round of secret talks figured to be difficult. Nevertheless, during the long hiatus in the negotiations, some of the issues that Kissinger will raise have somewhat diminished. When he returned to Washington last week after a two-day visit in Saigon, General Haig was able to report that Thieu had begun to yield—though reluctantly—on some of his objections to the nine-point plan.

Discouraged. Reportedly, Thieu became deeply discouraged about his chances of holding off a settlement when Haig told him how plans to supervise a cease-fire had progressed. Canada, Indonesia, Poland and Hungary have agreed, at least tentatively, to supply a 5,200-man international supervisory force. Spotted in South Viet Nam's 200 districts, its four major ports and along the Demilitarized Zone, the teams will oversee not only the cease-fire but also the elections called for in the nine-point plan. One team, located in Hanoi, will supervise the release of the American P.O.W.s, who are to be freed in two batches during the 60-day period of troop withdrawal following the cease-fire.

Where Thieu has refused to budge, at least so far, is on the issue of the North Vietnamese troops in the South. The U.S. and Hanoi have already agreed in principle on a partial withdrawal, but Saigon continues to insist on a public assurance by Hanoi that it will withdraw all of its troops—reckoned at 100,000 to 145,000 by U.S. intelligence and at 300,000 by Thieu. The North Vietnamese are not going to agree to such a condition.

There are other, less troublesome items on the Paris agenda. The negotiators must agree on the coordination of a truce in South Viet Nam with parallel cease-fires in Laos and Cambodia. They must also settle on a site for the multination "guarantee conference" that is supposed to convene within 30 days to deal with the larger problems of peace in Viet Nam and presumably the rest of Indochina as well. Paris is questionable as a site because Saigon feels that France is partial to the North Vietnamese.

Else: Geneva is out, since Hanoi has bitter memories of the city that stem from the 1954 and 1962 conferences. Among the other possibilities: Copenhagen, Vienna, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur or a Swiss city other than Geneva. The North Vietnamese are also eager to discuss the U.S. plan to bankroll a \$7.5 billion Viet Nam reconstruction program; it is possible that the program will involve a Kissinger visit to Hanoi.

Saigon, meanwhile, continued its frantic preparations to deal with the uncertain dynamics of peace. By week's end the massive, eleven-hour infusion of new U.S. military hardware—59 tanks, 100 personnel carriers, 32 heavy-

CHARLES DONAHUE



F-5 JET ARRIVING IN VIET NAM
Frantically bracing for peace.

transport planes, 210 fighter-bombers and 280 helicopters—was virtually complete. On the political front, the Thieu regime has added tens of thousands of known or suspected Communists and Communist sympathizers to South Viet Nam's prison population in the past few weeks. Thieu has also mounted a belated effort to broaden his narrow (largely military) base of support with a renewed drive to win a truly national following for the so-called Democracy Party that he has been fitfully trying to form for the past two years. At the same time, there were signs that even Thieu's small constituency was beginning to feel that a settlement might not only be inevitable but perhaps even workable. One indication was the fact that the savings that middle-class Vietnamese were withdrawing in panic only last month were now beginning to flow back into Saigon's banks.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Shaking Up the Bureaucrats

MOST recent U.S. Presidents have suffered the frustration of issuing orders to the vast federal bureaucracy they supposedly commanded—only to discover that nothing happened. Insulated by layers of officialdom and protected by an almost biological instinct for self-perpetuation, the bureaucratic organism stubbornly resists change. But the votes indicating his huge re-election landslide were barely counted when Richard Nixon took a mighty swipe at this governmental inertia. He demanded that some 2,000 of his politically appointed men in sensitive spots throughout Washington submit their resignations. He would decide who should stay and who should go.

The move was an extraordinary one for a President whose electoral triumph

to become effective at the pleasure of the President. The purpose, declared White House Special Counsel Harry Dent, is "to cut back and sharpen up. There's going to be a lot of change. The President is the quarterback."

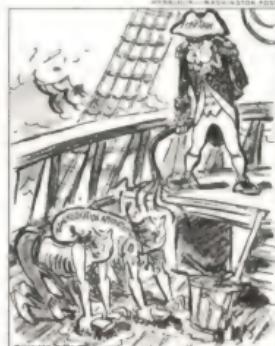
However commendable, the new and abrupt presidential pressure embittered some loyal subalterns who felt that they deserved at least thanks for their all-out re-election efforts before being grilled about their futures. The wife of one White House aide, noting that her husband was in no position to complain, called reporters to protest: "All those months of work, work, work, and at the end the President says—'Resign.' What most worried some able officials who had intended to leave the Government anyway was that now it

ganization task force that had urged such a consolidation before. As part of his grandly named "New American Revolution," Nixon had agreed and suggested that seven of the departments could be condensed into just four, dealing with natural resources, human resources, economic development and community development. The only Cabinet departments to survive as separate entities would be State, Treasury, Defense and Justice.

But Nixon abandoned any real push for this reorganization as the inevitable opposition from entrenched interests and Congress grew. This time he apparently intends to order as much reorganization as his powers permit without congressional approval. Among the tough-minded operators who will go over those Cabinet evaluations are Presidential Assistants John Ehrlichman and Haldeman—both of whom seem serenely secure in their roles as the White House "Berlin Wall." Key advice



CONSULTANT ROY ASH



"I'm staying on for another voyage—but from now on, no more Mr. Nice Guy!"

could be interpreted as approval of what he has been doing all along. Nixon's determination to shake up his Administration was, among other things, a hopeful sign that he was not necessarily content with the status quo. He seemed determined to grapple with a basic realignment of Cabinet-level departments as he strives for what he described as a Government that would be "leaner but stronger." The move also stirred new speculation about how he would handle such diverse personalities as his former Treasury Secretary, John Connally, Foreign Policy Adviser Henry Kissinger and others on his own myriad White House staff.

The resignation demands, sent under the name of Nixon's chief of staff, H.R. Haldeman, were blunt: "The President has requested that you forward to him an indication of your personal plans or preferences regarding your possible service in the Nixon Administration. This should be accompanied by your *pro forma* letter of resignation

would look as though they had been pushed out rather than jumped.

Not even Cabinet members who had worked on an almost unprecedented scale for a President's re-election could be certain of just where they stood. One by one they were trooping into the secluded wilderness of Camp David to be asked by the President about their personal plans and their intentions for their departments. All faced a Dec. 15 deadline for presenting written evaluations of how their divisions, including small units rarely studied in searching detail before, were performing, and what each hoped to accomplish during the next four years.

Nixon apparently meant to use the reports in deciding whether to propose again a sweeping revision of the Executive Department. The aim would be to have fewer administrative enclaves and to make each more cohesive and functional. One of Nixon's Camp David visitors was Roy Ash, president of Litton Industries and head of a reor-



JOHN CONNALLY

will also come from a stern efficiency expert, Frederic Malek, who has earned Nixon's respect as a management technician at HEW and the Interior Department.

Most intriguing is how Nixon will handle three men interested in his top-priority concern: foreign relations. Kissinger has been indispensable in his White House post, but might be equally effective if his powers were institutionalized by shifting him to rejuvenate a State Department whose morale has sagged under the overshadowed Secretary of State William Rogers. The most fascinating Camp David visitor last week was Connally, the high-powered Texan who apparently has totally charmed the President. Connally was summoned by Nixon before Rogers—and it seemed almost certain that Nixon wants him to take over the State Department.

One close friend insisted that Connally was under "massive, intense pressure" to take the job. But Connally was

reluctant, even though he is known to cherish ambitions for the post. Although a millionaire, he has been anxious first to get back into private law practice to earn the kind of money that is really respected in Texas. He would apparently prefer to move to State later in Nixon's term. That would set him up for a possible presidential bid of his own in 1976, although he has virtually become a man without a party and would have both to switch to the G.O.P. and to maneuver past Vice President Spiro Agnew.

On the surface, two strong men like Kissinger and Connally would seem to be an explosive combination in foreign policy. Each has indicated that he has no doubt about his ability to work with the other. While Connally's sometimes rough tactics may horrify veteran diplomats of State, his well-known clout with Nixon could give that downtrodden department a lift. There was also speculation that Connally might be used as a supercoordinator on domestic policy or, alternatively, on both domestic and international economic policy. He would only say enigmatically: "I'm still in the clear." But he added: "It's going to be very interesting around here."

Watchdog. As he whacks away at the bureaucracy, Nixon promises not to spare his own staff, which has grown larger than that of any previous President. Some members apparently were ready to move out quite willingly, including Dent, Speechwriter William Safire, Communications Director Herbert Klein and Special Counsel Robert Finch. Already gone is Nixon's former chief legislative aide, Clark MacGregor, who served as director of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President and will accept a presumably lucrative vice presidency with United Aircraft Corp. He will be the top contact man with Washington for the firm, which does more than half of its business with the Federal Government.

Another object of the shake-up: Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, president of the University of Notre Dame, revealed that he had been asked to resign as chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission—and that he would do so. The commission, created by the Civil Rights Act of 1957, was meant to be an independent watchdog agency, scrutinizing progress in civil rights, including efforts of the Federal Government. Hesburgh, who served energetically on the commission since its formation, has been highly critical of Nixon's antibusing positions and the Administration's lethargy in enforcing civil rights laws.

The pressure on Hesburgh raised broader questions about the ultimate purpose of Nixon's reorganization plans. Granting an exclusive interview to the *Evening Star* and *Washington Daily News* (see *THE PRESS*), Nixon recently declared: "Government in Washington is too big and is too expensive. Reform, using money more effectively,

will be the mark of this Administration." The President objected to the idea that the nation needs "some new massive government program...What we need now, rather than more government is better government. Many times the better is not the fatter, but the leaner. What I am standing for is government finding ways...to give people incentive to do more for themselves on their own without government assistance."

Certainly a more efficient and less expensive Government is desirable—and Nixon's attempt to shake things up is overdue and necessary. It will be no small achievement if he can overcome all the built-in obstacles to governmental change. Beyond that the hope is that the end result will be not only a saving of money and a tinkering with the machinery of Government for its own sake, but that the streamlined machine will really be used to cope with the pressing national concerns that persist.



"Jean, I just want you to know I'm behind you 1,000%."

DEMOCRATS

Look Back in Anger

Humiliated by one of the worst presidential election defeats in U.S. history but somewhat consoled by its surprisingly strong showing in state and local elections, the Democratic Party remained in a state of confusion bordering on schizophrenia. Looking back in anger rather than ahead with hope, many of the party's factional leaders did what seems to come so naturally to them: they quarreled.

George McGovern surveyed the wreckage of his presidential campaign from the poolside of the Virgin Islands retreat of one of his most generous financial backers, Henry Kimelman. The Senator's attitude toward the labor leaders and other traditional Democrats who had refused to help him was bitter. He declared that men like AFL-CIO President George Meany were party "wreckers" and that he would do "what-

ever I can to make sure that they don't come back into a dominant role in the Democratic Party." He also said that he was "not sure how you accommodate within one party the kind of forces that would win the approval of John Connally [who headed a Democrats for Nixon movement] and the people that were supporting me, or whether they really belong in the same party."

By McGovern's reckoning, the biggest single factor in his loss was Richard Nixon's ability to attract voters who otherwise would have favored Alabama Governor George Wallace. If Wallace had not been shot and had run as an Independent, McGovern contended, "we would have had a far different result...What we now have is a country presided over by a President who has married the Republican Party to the Wallace people."

McGovern did concede that he had made some mistakes—all minor to hear him tell it. They included giving his ac-

ceptance speech at Miami Beach about 3 a.m. instead of in prime television time. He also said that he should have insisted upon taking another day to choose a vice-presidential candidate—and thus avoided what he called "the Eagleton thing." The selection and dropping of Missouri Senator Thomas Eagleton as his running mate could be considered among his "mistakes of the heart," McGovern argued.

One of McGovern's top aides, Frank Mankiewicz, uttered the same alibi: he agreed that while the election "was tough before Eagleton, it certainly wasn't winnable after the Eagleton affair." Yet he had seen a glimmer of hope as the Republican-corruption issue "started to move pretty hard" about ten days before the election. "And then a day later, there was Henry [Kissinger] on the tube with peace, and the corruption thing died—bang."

Eagleton seemed to have a more balanced evaluation in his own post-mortem. He said that he thought he had

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contributed only "one rock in that landslide," adding: "When you've got a spread of 23 points in the polls, translating into many millions of votes, I can't describe the Eagleton situation as being the determinant." He offered a solid reason for McGovern's loss: "I think he was misinterpreted in many respects, but nevertheless the perception of him on issues was one that caused this term radical to stick. The candidate we field in 1976 will have to be perceived as a bit closer to the so-called political center."

The election, in fact, seemed to bear out the view offered in 1970 in *The Real Majority* by its co-authors, Political Analyst Richard Scammon and ex-Lyndon Johnson Aide Ben Wattenberg. Their conviction: "The man who chooses the Presidents of this country is the man who howls on Thursday nights. He is a man who was decidedly turned off as he watched the Democrats-of-despair hand out the campaign buttons of the New Politics. The electorate is unyoung, unpoor and unblack."

Gracious. As recriminations persisted, Jean Westwood, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was under multiple pressures to resign her post, but insisted stubbornly that she would not do so. Demands that she quit came from five Democratic Governors, who apparently represented the majority opinion among the 31 statehouses now controlled by the Democrats. Many of the Governors have resented the recent dominance of the party by Democratic Senators, and feel that they have largely been pushed aside by the McGovern movement. Their spokesman, Arkansas Governor Dale Bumpers, observed dryly that "it would be the gracious thing to do" if Westwood would resign, paraphrasing her own post-convention remark that it would be "the noble thing" for Eagleton to quit.

Some congressional Democrats, led by South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings, Maine's Edmund Muskie and Massachusetts Democratic Represen-

tative Thomas O'Neill Jr., also urged Westwood to step down. McGovern came only halfheartedly to her defense, suggesting that dissidents ought to "let things simmer down" before seeking her removal.

No one was sure, however, who should replace Westwood. Leaderless and feuding, the party was also quarreling about what to do with the McGovern campaign's various lists of contributors and voters identified by their political preferences. McGovern insisted that one such file of 600,000 names "belongs to me—it's a personal list." McGovern regional workers outside Washington feared that handing their lists over to regular local party organizations might mean that they would never be able to have access to the names again. "These files are the only remaining fruits of our labors," explained Ronnie Brooks, McGovern's Minnesota campaign coordinator.

The widespread ticket splitting seemed to confirm the fading influence of bloc voting and party loyalty. "Never before has partisanship meant so little," noted California Pollster Mervin Field. "I just don't see a coalescing back to the traditional loyalties." Larry O'Brien, former Democratic National Chairman, saw a more ominous sign in the ballooning. Citing the alarmingly low national voter turnout, he observed: "Half the population is turned off on both parties and on the system itself."

Perhaps so. The overriding fact remains that the Democrats, at least on the presidential level, failed to convince the majority of voters that the party at present stands for majority interests. As McGovern's campaign manager, Gary Hart, put it in his postmortem: "People who used to be poor are not poor any longer. Their interests are not the same. So it isn't enough to say Democrats, Democrats, lunch pail, lunch pail." Only with this insight can the Democrats begin their road back to reality.

*Compared with 60.7% in 1968, 62.1% in 1964 and 61.2% in 1960.

McGOVERN WORKER LEAVING LAST CAMPAIGN OFFICE IN CHICAGO



Richard Nixon: An

NOW more than ever, Americans may wonder exactly what Richard Nixon stands for. He won a unique victory because of his demonstrated political skills and the weakness of his opponent. But he said little in the course of the campaign to give anyone an idea of what to expect in the next four years. Shortly before his re-election, however, he did drop a suggestive hint. He told an interviewer that he would like to be thought of as a "Disraeli conservative" with a "strong foreign policy, strong adherence to basic values that the nation believes in, combined with reform, reform that will work, not reform that destroys."

It is an ambitious notion that is worth examining. At first glance, the comparison seems far-fetched. The 19th century Prime Minister of Great Britain would appear to be an odd sort of fellow to find favor at the White House. Amid the close-cropped sobriety of the Haldemans and the Ehrlichmans, he would stand out like the dazzling Victorian dandy he was. His long hair coiling around his shoulders, his blue trousers paired with black and red stockings, his fingers festooned with rings, he enjoyed the reaction of people on the street as they fell back to let him by. To him this was like the "parting of the Red Sea, which I now believe from experience." His comments on the work ethic would make a welfare loafer blush. "I have passed the whole of this year in uninterrupted lounging and pleasure," he once noted. His wit was irrepressible. Trapped in a drafty room at a party, he remarked when the champagne was served: "Thank God for something warm."

But the frivolity masked an inner earnestness. As Tory Party leader and Prime Minister from 1874 to 1880, Disraeli reshaped British conservatism, which had been divided and defensive, giving it durability and a future. He laid the foundation for Tory democracy, a form of government with appeal to all classes. If Nixon sees something of himself in Disraeli, it is not mere gimmickry. Presented by Pat Moynihan with a copy of Robert Blake's massive biography of Disraeli, the President liked what he read so well that he has been drawing on the book for appropriate quotes ever since.

Both Disraeli and Nixon were rather elusive figures in their native land—the one a Sephardic Jew who, as Historian Gertrude Himmelfarb puts it, "created himself in the likeness of an anti-Semitic cartoon," though he became an Anglican; the other a man who often seemed shallow and without strong roots. Both made their contem-

American Disraeli?

poraries uneasy for reasons that could not always be spelled out. Each in his time was underestimated by others. Disraeli because of his rakish dilettantism, Nixon because of his bland ordinariness. Both were dismissed as opportunists; few perceived the fire within. Neither of them ever gave up. "Disraeli," admitted his great rival William Gladstone, "is a man who is never beaten. Every reverse, every defeat is to him only an admonition to wait and catch his opportunity of retrieving and more than retrieving his position." Though he phrased it a bit more elegantly, Disraeli offered several equivalents of "You won't have Disraeli to kick around any more." Both men returned more than once from the political dead. Dizzy was defeated four times before he finally was elected to Parliament. His flowery maiden speech was greeted with gales of laughter and catcalls. Prophesied an enraged Disraeli: "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." He had to wait so long to become Prime Minister that nobody thought he would make it. But at 63, he reached the top of what he fondly called "the greasy pole."

In an uncanny way, Nixon and Disraeli fought similar political battles—which may support the liberal charge that conservatives never change or the conservative charge that conditions never change. Though both believed in a strong government that would not flinch from taking resolute action, they were hostile to big bureaucracy, with its overcentralization and deadening uniformity. They preferred to accept society in all its luxuriant if inequalitarian variety; they made a policy of trying to pump life and vigor into local government. As an American politician, Nixon can hardly endorse aristocracy but he would surely agree with Disraeli's praise of the aristocratic system in England as ready to receive "every man in every order and every class who defers to the principle of our society which is to aspire and excel."

Both Nixon and Disraeli were capable of dazzling conversions. Almost overnight, Nixon changed from a budget balancer to a Keynesian. After helping to bring down his own Tory government in 1846 because it proposed abolishing the Corn Laws that protected Britain's landed interests, Disraeli switched to a free-trade position. He made another turnaround when, faced with Liberal plans to extend the franchise to the workingman, he steered his own election bill through Parliament. The liberalism of 19th century England was in many respects the exact opposite of 20th century American liberal-

ism: it was essentially laissez-faire. But both Disraeli and Nixon rejected the assumptions of liberalism, then and now: a faith in utilitarian reform, an easy optimism, a hankering for change. Said Disraeli: "In a progressive country change is constant; and the great question is not whether you should resist change, but whether that change should be carried out in deference to the manners, the customs, the laws and the traditions of a people, or whether it should be carried out in deference to abstract principles and arbitrary doctrines." He compared the "national system" of the tradition-minded Tories with the "philosophic system" of the doctrinaire Liberals—a distinction Nixon makes today when he contrasts his New Majority with the "limousine liberals."

In foreign policy particularly, Nixon has demonstrated a Disraeli touch. Disraeli based his foreign policy on a sober, unsentimental appraisal of the national interest. What was good for England, he thought, was good for the world, and it worked out that way—for a time. Disraeli was determined to maintain a balance of power by preventing Russian expansion—as much feared in the 19th century as it came to be in the 20th. To do this, he had to prop up the decaying Ottoman Empire, a policy that outraged Liberals who felt that it was a violation of British principles to support a corrupt regime. To stretch a point or two, Disraeli even had a McGovern hectoring him in the person of Gladstone, the Liberal leader who thundered his righteous indignation at the power politics played behind his back. Gladstone was an inveterate moralizer who, as André Maurois once noted, "was reproached not so much for always having the ace of trumps up his sleeve as for claiming that God had put it there."

No more than Nixon did Disraeli believe in open diplomacy. His backstairs dealings aroused as much opposition. Just as Nixon caused an uproar by selling wheat too cheaply to the Russians, so did Disraeli upset sensibilities by negotiating a loan at 13% from the Rothschilds to buy a major interest for Britain in the Suez Canal. Doubtful though some of his means were, Disraeli achieved his goals. By promoting a general European settlement, he helped maintain the Victorian peace, which was to last longer than any period of peace Europe had known since the early days of the Roman Empire.

If Nixon is serious about becoming a second Disraeli, however, he still has a way to go. Disraeli was not only a supreme political operator but considerably more. He thought deeply about politics and acted on his precepts. He wrote a number of political novels that, for all their playfulness and cynicism, come to grips with flesh-and-blood people. In the manner of the best European conservatives, Disraeli felt a strong attachment to his fellow countrymen even when he mocked them or they reviled him. Nixon may feel the same way, but Disraeli displayed a passion that is generally lacking in American conservatives, including

Nixon. It was Disraeli, after all, who coined the phrase "two nations" when he wrote about rich and poor in his novel *Sybil*. No British government of the 19th century produced more social reform than Disraeli's, which improved the laboring man's working conditions, recognized trade unions, provided health and sanitation services and undertook slum clearance.

In domestic matters, Nixon's leadership has combined a shrewd understanding of what most of the country wanted

—or feared—with constant reminders of the old verities and only occasional flashes of innovation—so far.

Even in his reform proposals, Nixon sometimes comes across only as a leaner, meaner liberal. The shortcoming is not his alone. American conservatism has long been inconsistent, uncertain and divided in its aims, trying to combine belief in authority with belief in individualism and little government. A rich tradition of conservative thought on the European model has never taken root in America: perhaps Americans are too much on the go, too future-oriented. Confronted with liberalism, U.S. conservatives have often offered something less rather than something different.

Nixon won his mandate by siding with the majority in a national division. He has not yet shown that he can make one nation out of two. It is true that in Disraeli's day the members of the other nation, the poor, were a majority while today they are not; the difference is vast. Nevertheless, a Disraeli could supply a profound corrective to conservative thought in America: a sense that everyone is in it together, that no one class or group can function properly unless all do. Until Richard Nixon does that, he remains only half a Disraeli. The historical portrait deserves to be completed.

•Edwin Warner



EDWARD BURKE/BLACK STAR

ARMED SERVICES

Keelhauling the United States Navy

TWO years ago Chief of Naval Operations Elmo Zumwalt set about changing what he called the "lily-white racist Navy" into an even-handed institution that would be able to attract recruits and keep and promote blacks within its ranks. Of all his innovative ideas, the attempt to fully integrate the Navy seemed to many to be the most courageous and substantial.

Yet precisely because of that attempt, the Navy has found itself buffeted by a series of racial outbreaks. In early October, the decks of the aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk*, which was en route to Viet Nam, became the stage for a wild slugfest in which unhappy blacks vented their spleen on white seamen. Three of the 46 who were injured (40 white, six black) had to be evacuated by helicopter. A few days later a similar scene was played out on the oiler *Hassayampa* in Subic Bay in the Philippines; four whites were injured and eleven blacks were put off the ship in order to stand trial.

The most ominous incident occurred three weeks ago on the aircraft carrier *Constellation*. Charging "calculated racism," 120 black members of the crew—joined by twelve whites—staged a sitdown at sea. Explained Radarman Third Class Lonnie Brown, 23: "We wanted to air our views and tell the captain what was actually happening. We had to get the word across to the man who runs the ship." But Captain J.D. Ward refused to see the men. Instead he called for a general muster, and the blacks were suddenly surrounded by thousands of whites. Later they were put off the ship at San Diego for "counsel." When the carrier returned from maneuvers to pick them up, the men refused to board. They staged a second eight-hour sitdown on the pier,

lifting their arms in black power salutes. They were finally taken off the ship's rolls and sent before captain's mast (naval disciplinary hearings).

The cause of the flare-ups is the same as that which ignited racial violence across the U.S. in the seemingly progressive 1960s: rising civil rights expectations rubbing against static reality. Although the Navy has managed to recruit and promote more blacks, their representation remains dismal. Less than 1% of the officers and only 5.8% of the enlisted personnel are black. The blacks insist that they are assigned the most menial tasks and receive harder punishment than whites for equal offenses. Says Lonnie Brown: "Two men have to chip down a wall. The black man will be told to get up on the ladder and chip above his head. The white guy will chip from the waist down. When that happens constantly, you know what's happening."

Menial. One chief tool of discrimination, according to blacks, is the periodic job evaluation rating. Consistently low ratings not only keep a man from being promoted, but can lead to a general rather than an honorable discharge. Blacks believe that they are given lower ratings than whites for the same level of performance. As Harvey Peters, a black member of the *Constellation's* human relations council, explains: "A man can work twelve or 16 hours at work that is menial. For example, in the laundry, he may press and fold clothes for the officers. They get their clothes on time and there are no complaints. Yet the man gets a low rating."

The core of the problem seems to be stubborn residual racism among the Navy's "middle management." All too frequently, Zumwalt's pleas for equality have fallen on deaf ears, from skippers

all the way down to petty officers. Addressing a flotilla of admirals and generals at the Pentagon in the wake of the three outbreaks, Zumwalt pulled no punches in blaming his subordinates. "Uncomprehending response or response which lacks commitment from the heart—no matter how correct—is essentially obstructionist," said the Chief of Naval Operations. "Just as obstructionist is a man who puts an order in a drawer and forgets it." To underscore his point, Zumwalt said: "Equal means exactly that. Equal."

There were other factors that contributed to the unrest as well. All three ships had been on duty off Viet Nam, where the Navy has doubled its strength and taken on an ever larger role in the war. The men were forced to work 18- to 20-hour days and go long stretches without weekend passes. The lack of sleep and shore leave simply compounded the racial tensions to be found on any stateside naval vessel.

Indeed, the antiwar sentiment that has so bedeviled the Army in recent years seems to be finding a home in the Navy now that it is doing much of the fighting. Acts of sabotage have surfaced in recent months, several of which were apparently perpetrated not by blacks but by antiwar whites. The Navy is holding a white seaman as the suspected arsonist who set a multimillion-dollar fire aboard the aircraft carrier *Forrestal* at Norfolk. The carrier *Ranger* was recently laid up in drydock for almost four months because metal parts had been thrown into its delicate gears. The Navy is conducting court-martial proceedings against a white sailor for the sabotage. And the skipper of the ill-fated *Constellation*, while discussing his racial problems, admitted to newsmen that some of his ordnance-handling equipment had been tampered with; other pieces had simply disappeared over the side.

Insurrections and sabotage at sea have touched off insurrections and sab-



ADMIRAL ZUMWALT

CONSTELLATION SAILORS IN SAN DIEGO



otage of a different kind ashore. Ever since Zumwalt took command of the Navy in 1970, the more conservative admirals have watched in horror as he set adrift one tradition after another. In their view, permissiveness and luxuries have no place at sea. They ridiculed his reforms as the "three B's—beer, beards and broads." Armed with the ammunition provided by the race riots and sabotage, many admirals have shown their own lack of discipline by campaigning for Zumwalt's ouster.

Some have made late-night phone calls to Pentagon correspondents. Administration officials and politicians have been cornered at cocktail parties. The message is the same: Zumwalt has gone too far. One of his critics is Admiral Isaac Kidd, 53, thought to be the most likely man to replace Zumwalt. Even Secretary of the Navy John Warner threw out hints that he was not altogether pleased with the direction in which Zumwalt was heading. In an interview with TIME's John Mulliken, Warner indicated that he might consider withdrawing some of Zumwalt's more controversial Z-grams (a nickname for his naval operational orders).

"I'm not for a moment hesitant about rolling back some of those advancements," said Warner. "We will look at the whole general bag of things, all the way from the celebrated Z-grams on hair, beards and beer." Warner admitted that he was "under a great deal of pressure" from Zumwalt's critics, and said: "Yes. I would say there is free discussion of this subject in the Navy right now and I welcome, I encourage it."

Fury. Interestingly, it was Warner himself who delayed taking any action about the sitdown of the *Constellation*'s crewmen on the San Diego pier, thereby making the Navy seem even more permissive. Zumwalt's staff claims that he was on the point of sending a formal written protest to Warner when the Secretary finally acted and had the men bussed off to their trials. Nevertheless it will inevitably be Zumwalt who will be hurt by all the publicity.

The fury will continue. Congressman Edward Hebert, a hard-line traditionalist, is opening hearings this week in the House Armed Services Committee on the Navy's lack of discipline. And the *Kitty Hawk* returns this week to San Diego, where its officers will continue with courts-martial against the blacks involved in the October riot.

What is at stake in the controversy and the behind-the-scenes struggles for power is nothing less than the entire reform movement in the armed services, initiated by Zumwalt. If he is replaced or even hobbled in his revolutionary shakeup of the Navy, it could well signal an end to the attempts to humanize all three services. That in turn could make it far more difficult to recruit the qualified men who will have to staff the country's all-volunteer army when the draft officially ends in June 1973.



TWO SLAIN YOUTHS AT SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS IN BATON ROUGE

RACES

A Southern Tragedy

For a time, it looked like nothing more serious than a bit of virulent '60s nostalgia. All the basic props were there at Louisiana's predominantly black Southern University: the band of students occupying the administration building, the crowd milling about on the lawn, the stolid cops in riot gear wielding nightsticks and absorbing epithets. Right on cue a miasma of tear gas blanketed the tableau, screams pierced the air and the players scattered. When the smoke cleared, however, the scene was not another Berkeley or Harvard, but was somewhat more reminiscent of Kent State or Jackson State. Lying dead on the ground were two 20-year-old black students, Denver A. Smith of New Roads, La., and Leonard D. Brown of Gilbert, La.

Initially, at least, authorities could not even determine whether the two men died of gunshot wounds or shrapnel from tear-gas canisters. Some 200 lawmen, including state policemen and Sheriff Al Amiss' deputies, had set up a U-shaped cordon in front of the administration building that about 200 students had occupied. The officers were armed with both shotguns and tear-gas canisters; but television film suggested that it was the students who tossed the first tear-gas bombs. Both Amiss and the state police claim that their men fired no shots, only tear gas, while students insisted that the shots had to come from the troopers. No one was really sure. As Amiss admitted, "There were no orders. There was just confusion."

Trouble had been building on the Baton Rouge campus for weeks. One of the largest black universities in the country (11,000 enrollment, including the New Orleans campus), Southern has

been the scene of a widespread student boycott for the past three weeks. The student demands included better living conditions, a greater voice in university affairs and the ouster of President Leon Netterville, whom many consider an aging Uncle Tom. Last week, in simultaneous predawn raids, police arrested four student leaders—three men and a woman—on charges of criminal mischief for breaking into the school gymnasium and holding a massive protest rally.

News of the arrests carried quickly and students gathered before the administration building. A group of them knocked on President Netterville's door, demanding to know why the four had been arrested. Netterville, according to the students, said he would try to find out. The students occupied the building, they said, to await his return. Instead they found themselves confronted by the troopers called out by the president. Governor Edwin Edwards, who later ordered up the National Guard, said in defense of his action: "We cannot agree to let them have control of the campus, as they insist they want. And we cannot agree to give them Dr. Netterville's head."

The Governor got a lot more than he had bargained for. Citing Coroner Hypolite Landry's report, Edwards announced that the two young blacks had been killed by buckshot that "possibly" could have come from police shotguns. Since there were what he termed obvious "discrepancies and inconsistencies" in the various accounts of the shootings, Edwards asked for an investigation by the state attorney general. The FBI also was ordered into the case. Whatever the answer was, it meant still more tension and bitterness for Southern University. Governor Edwards judiciously suspended classes until at least after the Thanksgiving holiday.

CRIME

Terror on Flight 49

Southern Airways of Atlanta prides itself on its ante bellum hospitality. Its blue-and-yellow planes even have smile faces painted on the nose under the inscription HAVE A NICE DAY. But no one was smiling after one of the most theatrical and spectacularly prolonged episodes in the chronicles of skyjacking. Three men armed with pistols and a hand grenade boarded Flight 49 in Birmingham and took the 30 passengers and four crew members on an odyssey of terror that ended 29 hours later in Havana. Everybody lost something on the flight: the copilot was wounded, the passengers were badly shaken. Southern Airways may be financially crippled by the ransom it paid, the FBI has been damned for a trigger-happy performance and the hijackers are said to be condemned to spend the rest of their lives in 4-by-5-by-5-ft. cells in Fidel Castro's Cuba. On top of all that, the painful problem of prevention still begs for solution.

Flight 49, a two-engine DC-9, took off from the Birmingham airport peacefully enough. Professor Gale Buchanan, a plant expert at Auburn University, began editing copy for his magazine, *Weeds Today*. Alex Halberstadt, a construction engineer, scribbled idly on a yellow legal pad. A two-year-old child fell asleep in his mother's arms. In the rear of the plane, Alvin Fortson, 83, sat back to enjoy the ride to Orlando to see his son. But also at the rear were three blacks—Henry Jackson, 25, Lewis Moore, 27, and Melvin Cale, 21—who had no intention of going to Orlando. Jackson and Moore were wanted for suspicion of rape in Detroit, where they had once sued the city for \$4,000,000 for alleged police brutality. Cale, Moore's half brother, had been serving time in the Tennessee State Penitentiary for grand larceny, and was a recent escapee from a work release center. The trio managed to get past Southern agents by the old and obvious device of concealing their weapons in a raincoat and passing it back and forth.

Courage. Airborne, the trio brashed their weapons and ordered the pilot to make a refueling stop at Jackson, Miss., then head for Detroit. Since embarrassment keeps people in line, the three also forced the male passengers to strip to their underwear. The hijackers soon broadcast their ambitious demand: \$10 million in cash.

Southern Airways placed \$500,000 aboard an aircraft and dispatched it to Detroit in hopes of a settlement. Despite the efforts of Detroit officials to talk the hijackers into landing, they made the pilot shoot across Lake Erie to Cleveland's Hopkins Airport. Meanwhile, the passengers showed extraordinary courage. Halberstadt called to Moore, "If you have a minute, I'd like to talk to you," and tried to reason with the hijacker while Moore held a Luger and the hand grenade.

During the early-morning hours the plane landed in Toronto, where the hijackers refused the offer of \$500,000 and renewed their demand for \$10 mil-



HIJACKED PASSENGERS RETURNING TO MIAMI
Begging for a solution.

lion. As the plane sped away from Toronto, this time bound for Knoxville, Tenn., passenger Fortson had a mild seizure. Also the hijackers got into the liquor supply and drank more than 40 of the small airline bottles. By now the jetliner was being tracked by a Southern Airways Learjet and a DC-9, as well as a Navy Reserve plane with FBI agents aboard. Over Tennessee the prospects darkened; the hijackers began threatening to plunge the plane into the atomic-energy facilities at Oak Ridge if their demands were not met. They finally landed in Chattanooga, where Southern sent aboard an estimated \$2,000,000 in aluminum boxes, as well as the bullet-proof vests the hijackers had requested. They had promised to release the pas-

sengers there, but the large crowds gathered at the airport rattled them, and they ordered the plane to Havana.

En route, the trio maniacally distributed money up and down the aisle while reassuring the passengers that they had nothing against them. At José Martí terminal in Havana one of the gunmen disembarked to dicker with Cuban officials; he returned two hours later grousing: "These people here treat you worse than George Wallace or Lester Maddox." The plane headed back to the U.S. and eventually landed at McCoy A.F.B. in Orlando. There the odyssey nearly ended in disaster. After the hijackers demanded to talk to President Nixon, the word came down from Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray that the plane had to be stopped. Agents with shotgun, rifles and revolvers then shredded the tires with gunfire in order to prevent takeoff.

Outraged. That only served to panic the hijackers, who shot and wounded Copilot Billy H. Johnson. Taxing on nothing but rims wrapped in tattered rubber, the veteran pilot, Captain William R. Haas, 39, miraculously got the plane off the ground. He was again ordered to Cuba, where he set down on a foam-covered runway at José Martí. Cuban authorities immediately confiscated the money and led the hijackers away. The passengers and crew were flown back to Miami. Their 29 hours of terror were ended.

But the furor was not. The FBI came under heavy criticism for shooting out the tires. Director Gray even admitted that his judgments "were not necessarily perfect." The Air Line Pilots Association was outraged—especially since it was obvious that Southern had been careless in allowing on its plane three men who fit the classic skyjacker "profile." ALPA President J.J. O'Donnell threatened to call a nationwide pilots' strike if stringent anti-skyjacking measures are not enforced. Something more has to be done. There have been 387 skyjacking attempts worldwide since the first one in 1930; of those, about two dozen, all of them recent, have been for extortion purposes. The most successful attempt was made last November by the notorious parachutist D.B. Cooper, who was never captured (authorities believe that both he and his ransom money were buried in a Washington State snowdrift). Of 38 other skyjackers, three were killed and 35 are in custody or in foreign hands; almost all the extortion money has been recovered. Thus the fact that air-piracy extortion is almost never successful is not in itself a deterrent.

Although the Federal Aviation Administration is already strengthening surveillance measures, it ultimately seems that the best way to halt skyjacking is to make certain that no country is a haven for skyjackers. The one positive result of the Southern case is that it may lead to a bilateral agreement between the U.S. and Cuba on the prob-

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FORD PINTO

Shown here is a 1973 Pinto sedan with optional whitewall tires, accent and deluxe bumper groups.

FORD DIVISION



lem, which in turn could pave the way for cultural exchanges and even political dialogue. The Cubans last week offered to discuss the matter, and Secretary of State William P. Rogers said that the U.S. was more than willing. While Castro is as unpredictable as ever, it appears likely that he may be just fed up enough with skyjacking to join the U.S. in doing something about it before a real catastrophe occurs.

THE CONGRESS

Replacing Hale Boggs

After Louisiana Congressman Hale Boggs' plane disappeared in Alaska last month, a quiet but intense battle began that could shake the entire Democratic leadership in the House. Who will replace Boggs as majority leader will not finally be decided until the House reconvenes in January. But just as important, House Speaker Carl Albert may face opposition that could make his second term as unsteady as the first.

Albert's first two years as Speaker were distressing for many of his Democratic colleagues, who found his leadership weak and entirely too accommodating to the Administration's Viet Nam policies. Albert's political impotence became embarrassingly apparent when he failed to stop President Nixon, who, with the help of Democrat Wilbur Mills, tried to bestow on himself an item-by-item veto over spending programs authorized by Congress. Eight months ago, some talk of replacing Albert started circulating through the Capitol. His gentle ways and his unwillingness to assert his authority decisively left many Democrats wondering where they could find someone capable of more vigorous leadership. Challengers were not hard to find. Mills himself, head of the powerful Ways & Means Committee, was the conservatives' favorite, but he has given up any thought of challenging Albert. A few liberal Congressmen wanted Boggs for the job. "I have been very keen for a contest over the speakership," says one Midwestern Democrat. "And I have been in favor of having Hale move up. This thing [Boggs' disappearance] has been a catastrophic blow. What it means is that we are apparently left without an alternative." A sampling taken since Boggs was declared missing indicates that Albert is now safe, and will win reelection. Only Georgia's Phil Landrum is threatening to run as an alternative.

The man most likely to replace Boggs as majority leader is Massachusetts Congressman Thomas ("Tip") O'Neill, who is now majority whip. By his own count O'Neill has 160 votes pledged to him, more than enough to win in a showdown for the Boggs job. By tradition O'Neill is the natural successor to Boggs, who was majority whip before becoming majority leader. O'Neill, 59, has been in Congress since

1952, when he was elected to the House to replace John F. Kennedy, who had moved on to the Senate. Gregarious and quick-witted, O'Neill is considered one of the most popular men in Congress. Though an antiwar liberal, he is a machine-oriented politician with connections in both wings of the fragmented Democratic Party and can ask favors from both sides.

O'Neill's only foreseeable opposition is Sam Gibbons of Florida. Hard-driving and ambitious, Gibbons, 52, started his campaign for Boggs' post three days before the election. In Congress since 1962, Gibbons contends that his brand of strong leadership would give Albert the muscle he needs to compete on a more equal level with the White House. Gibbons says of Albert: "He was schooled in responding to the White House. Democrats had been in power for so long, with a Democrat in the White House and friendly people in the agencies, that we grew to be overly solicitous of the White House point of view." For the moment, no one was looking to the Democratic House to provide a very effective counterpoise to the Republicans in the White House.

PUERTO RICO

Vote for Commonwealth

As Hawaii went, Puerto Rico will not go. That seemed to be the message handed down by the island's voters in this month's election. They turned out of office Governor Luis Ferré, 68, an advocate of statehood, and installed in his place Rafael Hernández Colón, 36, a handsome and articulate supporter of Puerto Rico's 20-year commonwealth ties to the United States.

Hernández's easy victory surprised pundits and pollsters alike, who had thought the sometimes bitter race (four persons were killed in politically motivated brawls) too close to call. Yet Hernández won with a margin of 93,000 votes out of 1.2 million cast, while the Popular Democratic Party that he leads captured more than two-thirds of the seats in the legislature. The decisive results rebutted not only "statehooders" but also those who argue for a complete break with the U.S. The island's Independence Party, which stirs some fears of Communist and socialist influences, received only 4% of the vote.

The loss cast doubts on the future of Ferré's New Progressive Party, which had a 28-year lock on the Governor's mansion in 1968 largely because of a major split in its ranks. With Ferré out of office and his statehood platform discredited, the Progressives will likely join Puerto Rico's myriad other minority parties. As if in recognition of the fact, Ferré announced his retirement from active politics shortly after the election.

It was Hernández himself who patched up the Popular Democrats af-

ter their 1968 loss. A lawyer from Ponce, the island's largest city after San Juan, he assumed leadership of both the party and the Senate in 1969 with the tacit approval of Luis Muñoz Marín, founder of the party, architect of the commonwealth agreement and, more than anyone else, father of modern-day Puerto Rico. This year Muñoz campaigned for his protégé. Hernández reorganized the Popular Democratic Party from top to bottom, replacing older leaders with new, fresh faces.

During his campaign, Hernández argued for the continuance of the commonwealth on the grounds that it not only provided relief from U.S. taxes but also served as a "great retaining wall" that protected the island's Spanish culture from U.S. influence and dom-



HERNÁNDEZ ON VICTORY NIGHT
Rebuffing statehooders.

ination. Yet he did not hesitate to employ—as did Ferré—mainland political techniques during the campaign. Both candidates hired consultants from Washington and taped endless television and radio spots. Hernández traded in his baggy suits for more modish styles and submitted to the shears of San Juan's leading hair stylist, gambits that helped make him the clear favorite among women voters.

Hernández has promised to take steps to improve the islanders' living conditions. Per capita income has risen from \$121 in 1940 to \$1,600 in 1971, higher than that of any Spanish-speaking nation in the Americas, but chronically high rates of inflation and unemployment (now at 12%) still plague the island—a fact Hernández pointed out over and over during his campaign. If he cannot improve upon Ferré's fiscal record, he may well find himself out of office four years from now.



CHANCELLOR WILLY BRANDT ADDRESSING VOTERS IN THE RUHR



CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS' RAINER BARZEL CAMPAIGNING NEAR BONN

THE WORLD

WEST GERMANY

Chancellor Willy Wins Again

THREE was never any doubt that West German Chancellor Willy Brandt was the overwhelming favorite of his countrymen in this week's election. The question was whether Brandt could transform that personal popularity, and the widespread approval of his policy of reconciliation with East Germany, into votes for his Social Democratic Party. This week, as the election returns began coming in, it was evident that the answer was yes. West Germany's voters rejected Brandt's unimpressive opponent, Christian Democratic Leader Rainer Barzel, and returned the magnetic Chancellor with a majority in the Bundestag.

Brandt's Social Democrats drew a decisive 45.9% of the popular vote, and probably 230 of the Bundestag's 496 seats. The Social Democrats' coalition partners, the Free Democrats, led by Foreign Minister Walter Scheel, won another 8.4% of the vote and 42 seats to give the government a working majority of 48. Barzel's opposition Christian Democratic Party and its ally, the Bavarian Christian Social Union of Franz Josef Strauss, drew a total of 44.8% of the vote and 234 seats (the remaining 1% of the popular vote was distributed among 5 other splinter parties).

Besides Brandt's personal triumph, the election results were a victory of the heart over the pocketbook. Barzel had campaigned long and hard on the issue of inflation, a particular horror to most West Germans. But Brandt, with his state treaty with East Germany, had delivered something more intensely per-

sonal for millions of voters: the promise that they would now be allowed to visit relatives and home cities under Communist rule that they had not seen in years.

The campaign appeared to exact a heavier toll from Brandt, 58, than from Barzel, 48. Almost every day, the Chancellor spent mornings at his desk in Bonn, afternoons and evenings he was on his special campaign train, delivering four or five speeches. Then he would get a few hours of sleep as the train chugged back to the capital. At one point, Brandt seemed on the verge of nervous exhaustion; bags drooped under his eyes and the lines deepened in his face. Yet he never lost the magnetism that brought out roars of "Willy, Willy!" from crowds. Toward the end of the campaign his energy snapped back, and there was no doubt that Brandt was confident of re-election.

Image Problem. Few Germans could imagine anyone shouting "Rain'er, Rain'er!" for Opposition Leader Barzel, who took over the reins of his party last year. A former Minister of All-German Affairs, Barzel is a gifted orator and highly intelligent tactician—with an image problem that he has never been quite able to shake. Critics variously complained that he was an ambitious opportunist and as "spontaneous as a robot." This time, perhaps to give himself a more statesmanlike image, Barzel abandoned the slashing political style that voters had come to expect from him, and conducted a deliberately low-key campaign. He performed well, but seldom turned crowds

on, and somehow gave the impression of lacking conviction. In a way, he was under more pressure than Brandt: this was probably the only chance that the C.D.U. would give him to try for the chancellorship.

Despite the high personal stakes involved, the campaign was more of a shadowboxing match than a toe-to-toe political slugfest. Brandt campaigned as if the election were a plebiscite on his *Ostpolitik*, even though he knew full well that few West Germans seriously opposed it. With skillful if transparent timing, his government—aided by Moscow, which also approved his *Ostpolitik* and exerted pressure on East Germany to cooperate—produced an agreement with East Berlin eleven days before the vote. Just before this week's vote, Brandt promised that "if I am re-elected, I will not hesitate to propose that I travel to East Berlin myself—before Christmas if possible—to sign the basic treaty." All Barzel could do was suggest that his party would renegotiate the treaty on better terms.

Barzel spoke as if the electorate needed to be reminded daily that the inflation rate had soared in October to an annual rate of 6.4%, the highest since the Korean War. "This country is not in order," he would declare. "The accounts do not add up." Just as newspapers and television screens were filled with news of the treaty with East Germany, Barzel countered with a tactic of his own to redirect attention to the economy. On the eve of the election, Barzel and former Finance Minister Karl Schiller, who had resigned from the government last July after losing a fight over capital controls, held several highly publicized "secret" meetings. They apparently agreed to "cooperate" (how was not specified) in returning West Germany to "stability," the Chris-

tian Democrats' favorite campaign word Barzel's tactic won attention, all right, but not always of a favorable sort. Voters were also reminded that before Schiller left Brandt's Cabinet, the Christian Democrats had routinely referred to him as the "minister of inflation."

Perhaps the most striking feature of the campaign was the emergence of *Wählerinitiativen* (literally voter initiatives), tied to no specific issues and outside the regular party framework. Breaking with an old tradition of leaving politics to the politicians, tens of thousands of voters devoted their time and money to the campaign. A Citizens for Brandt movement branched out into 338 groups; they canvassed and passed out campaign materials—including one door plaque that read "God protect this house. From Barzel and Franz Josef Strauss." Only in the last few weeks of the campaign did the Christian Democrats manage to counter the Citizens for Brandt with some voter-initiative groups of their own.

Credo of Ignorance. The voter-initiative movement actually began in 1965, when Novelist Günter Grass traveled around the country drumming up votes for Brandt, who was then opposition leader. This year Grass again took to the roads in a Volkswagen bus, speaking to as many as four or five rallies a day, and often attracting bigger crowds than the party candidates. Brandt also had the notable support of Nobel-prize-winning Novelist Heinrich Böll and Film Stars Curt Jurgens and Romy Schneider, while the Free Democrats were endorsed by Swiss Playwright Rolf Hochhuth and Actor Hardy Krüger.

The Christian Democrats' voters countered with their own list of 200 somewhat less prominent names from show business, sports and academe but with sometimes more imaginative advertising. One ad featured the son and grandson of Konrad Adenauer reminding voters of *der Alte's* 1957 dictum that the Social Democrats would be "Germany's ruin." Another pictured Sir Winston Churchill, of all people, flashing his famous V-for-victory sign and declaiming that "socialism is the philosophy of failure, the credo of ignorance and the confession of faith of the envious."

The official party organizations were clearly surprised by the rapid growth of the voter groups and welcomed them with varying degrees of gratitude and skepticism. Economics and Finance Minister Helmut Schmidt observed that "campaigns on behalf of the Social Democratic Party by persons outside the party can easily lead to misunderstandings." Several Social Democratic voter groups announced their intention of becoming a "critical partner" of the official party organization after the election; others might easily be revived for a compelling cause. Conceivably, that could be almost as important a result of the election as the contest between the parties.

ARGENTINA

A Dictator Returns to His Past

JUAN DOMINGO PERÓN stepped from a chartered Alitalia DC-8 onto Argentine soil for the first time in 17 years last Friday, and into a steady rain. The weather was remarkably similar to that on the wet and dismal night in 1955 when he fled the country aboard an Uruguayan gunboat, after being ousted from power by a military coup. This time Perón, now 77, expected better on his self-styled mission of "peace and understanding." His survival and return after all these years had the stuff of great human drama. But instead of the million-strong crowd that Peronistas had

thus Perón limped rather than strode back into Argentine history. Indeed, the return had none of the historical impact he so badly wanted and needed. There was no echo of Napoleon's dramatic escape from exile on Elba. Moreover, if Perón had planned to present himself as the instant solution to the troubles of Argentina and then ride off into the sunset like a gaucho De Gaulle with his charisma and place in history as a statesman intact, the scene was not quite right. Perón had, in fact, been forced to return to Argentina by the adroit maneuvering of At-



PERÓN & WIFE GREETING SUPPORTERS IN BUENOS AIRES SUBURB HOME
"I am not a dictator... I am a slave of the people."

promised for the homecoming, only 600 people—half of them newsmen—were on hand. Thousands of his supporters, carrying banners and beating drums, were held back by troops at checkpoints along the road leading into Buenos Aires' Ezeiza Airport.

In Buenos Aires itself, where a spontaneous demonstration might have buoyed the old *caudillo*, the streets were deserted. Not only was there a government-proclaimed day of "obligatory cessation of activity," to limit Peronista demonstrations at the airport, but a general strike had been called by Peronista labor unions to allow workers to greet their returning hero. There was one mini uprising on Perón's behalf. On the capital's outskirts, 60 noncommissioned officers tried to take over an Argentine Navy mechanics school. Meeting resistance, they took four hostages and escaped in a truck and an ambulance, killing a school guard in the process. In little more than an hour, they surrendered.

gentina's current President and military strongman, Alejandro Lanusse.

Previous military governments had persistently refused Perón's demands that he be allowed to come out of exile. Lanusse was willing to let Perón come back because he felt that without the cooperation of the exiled leader's still potent followers there was no possibility of Argentina's return to constitutional government. In September 1971, Lanusse suddenly announced that general elections, the first in ten years, would be held in March 1973. Perón let the Aug. 25 deadline for presidential candidates slip by, insisting that the ruling was unconstitutional. But with his supporters clamoring for his return, he decided to leave his home in Madrid. Remaining there would be tantamount to an abdication of power.

Intimations of mortality were apparent on the first leg of the trip, a flight from Madrid to Rome for a three-day stopover. Perón, accompanied by his third wife Isabel, several bodyguards

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and a secretary, boarded a sleek Mystere-20 executive jet emblazoned with the Argentine colors. The plane was said to have been donated by a German industrialist in Madrid.

After landing at Rome's Ciampino airport, Perón greeted a moderately enthusiastic crowd of fellow Argentines with a smiling "¡Bueno, bueno!" But it was not exactly a triumphal arrival. Among those absent was Argentina's anti-Peronist ambassador to Rome; he was at the Italian foreign office demanding to know why Perón, who is not a head of state, had been met at the airport by the public relations head of the government-run broadcasting system. The answer was that the p.r. man was a good friend of Perón's, but this did not pacify the ambassador.

Perón, who is of Italian descent and speaks fluent Italian, had hopes that he

would be received by Pope Paul VI. He had also intended to chat with President Giovanni Leone at the Quirinale, negotiate with leaders of Italian industry and then receive lesser lights from the Holy See, the government and the financial community. None of it happened. The Pope did not grant an audience; the reason, a Vatican spokesman told Perón, was "because of interpretations that could be given such a meeting." President Leone, who had enough free time to preside over a reception for film stars (including Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor), sent Premier Giulio Andreotti in his stead. To emphasize the private nature of the meeting, Andreotti met Perón not in his office in Palazzo Chigi, but in a small room in the Parliament building.

After his somewhat underwhelming visit to Rome, Perón flew off to his

homeland, which is as much a shambles now as when he left. Nearly two decades of weak Presidents and heavy-handed military government (nine since 1946) have all but ruined the economy. Inflation for the first ten months of this year is a staggering 67.3%. Foreign investors and Argentines who have little confidence in the Lanusse government have pulled some \$1 billion in capital out of the country. Foreign reserves have dropped from \$739 million at the end of 1970 to zero.

The political picture is little better. Angered by inflation, high taxes and shortages of consumer goods—notably beef, which is available in shops and restaurants only every other week—the usually unflappable Argentines have been taking their grievances to the streets. Buenos Aires has recently been the scene of numerous bombings, as

PERONISM: "Our Sun, Our Air, Our Water"

DURING a political rally in Argentina in 1954, one of Juan Domingo Perón's followers questioned the dictator about his health. Before Perón could reply, a zealous aide shouted, "We'll have Perón for a hundred years!" Added *el Líder* himself: "You'll have Perón for five thousand years, for even though I disappear, my doctrine will continue."

Hyperbole aside, Peronism has proved to be an amazingly durable factor in Argentine politics. In part it is the remainder of the political movement founded by Perón after he first assumed power in 1946; it is also a disparate fusion of factions united primarily by their opposition to a succession of right-wing military governments. Perón's Justicialist Party includes neofascists, far-left urban guerrillas called *montoneros* (bushwhackers) and unionists. If united, it could probably deliver as much as 50% of the vote in next year's general election.

In part, Peronism is also a personality cult—in fact, a split-personality cult—built around the twin legends of the deposed dictator and his dead second wife Eva, whom the Argentine *descamisados* (shirtless ones) have enshrined as a secular saint. "Perón y Evita" are an enduring political force in Argentina. Walls in Buenos Aires are plastered with fresh posters of a sleek and inspiring Evita Perón, "flag bearer of the workers: 1952-1972."

What primarily motivated Juan Perón was political opportunism, not the making of a new social order. But, he created an ideological façade that promised the people social change, social justice, economic independence from foreign powers and political sovereignty. Perón called this ideology "justicialismo," a "middle way" between Communism and capitalism.

To his credit, Perón gave a sense of dignity to the workingman for the first

time in Argentine history. Because he ruled during the postwar boom when the treasury contained a huge foreign-exchange surplus, Perón was able to raise wages and build hospitals, clinics and schools. He passed laws granting severance pay to discharged workers and extending social security; he also instituted the eight-hour day for farm laborers. Perón nationalized the British-owned Argentine railroads, retired the entire foreign debt, and by 1947 boasted a fivefold increase in industrial production during his regime. Fraudulent bookkeeping concealed the fact that his spending programs had driven Argentina to the verge of bankruptcy.

On his trips into the countryside,

EVITA PERÓN IN 1950



Perón carried gifts for everybody—candy, bakery goods, a kilo of meat, a pair of shoes. Rarely did peasants realize that the gifts had been "requisitioned" from local shopkeepers. But they were ready to cheer when Evita told them, "There is only one Perón. He is God for us, so much so that we cannot conceive of heaven without Perón. He is our sun, our air, our water, our life."

The badly educated and illegitimate child of poor parents, blonde, mercurial Evita became Juan Perón's mistress while he was still an army colonel. In her early efforts to aid the poor in her husband's behalf, she was snubbed by the leading ladies of Buenos Aires society. So she organized the Eva Perón Foundation, to which her husband's government quickly granted sole control of all charitable activities. More than \$100 million per year passed through her hands, and with a minimum of accounting. As Evita once explained: "Keeping books on charity is capitalistic nonsense. I just use the money for the poor. I can't stop to count it." When she died of cancer in 1952, her followers, who had dubbed *Evita la Madona de América*, sought to have her canonized as a saint of the Roman Catholic Church.

Perón's gospel survived because it was—and may still be—the only available outlet for social discontent. There is something singularly pathetic about a national dream based on an aging one-time dictator and the memory of a woman who has been dead for 20 years. But for Argentina's shirtless ones, there is no alternative to a succession of barracks-room coups that for decades have blocked genuine social progress.

Perón himself has explained the endurance of his movement as well as anyone else. "It is not that we were so good. But those who came after us were so bad that they make us seem better than we were. So today there are more *justicialistas* than ever before."

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well as fights between Perón's supporters and government troops.

Pressed last week by reporters in Rome to explain just what a Peronista government would look like, Perón said that he was in favor of a democratic state, remarking testily that "I was elected with 30% of the votes." He vowed to uphold civil liberties and said that he would allow plurality of political parties. He also insisted that "the industrialization program that I started must be refreshed." He did not rule out himself as a possible leader of the government, even though he cannot legally run for President: "I am not a dictator," as some say, "I told reporters. "But if the Peronist movement, that is, the Argentine people, ask me to be a candidate for President, I will agree. I am a slave of the people."

The Master's Voice. Perón's lavish, autocratic style in exile does not suggest that he would lead a new order much different from the old. Located in Madrid's most elegant suburb, his rambling, fieldstone mansion, *Quinta 17 de Octubre* (from the date of his accession to power in Argentina), is tastefully furnished in Spanish style, surrounded by broad lawns, thick shrubbery and 12-ft.-high burglar-proof fences. General Franco's El Pardo Palace and Prince Juan Carlos' Zarzuela Palace are not far away. Perón is reported to be a millionaire, with large sums stashed away in numbered Swiss bank accounts. His principal "business" in Madrid was receiving an almost endless stream of Argentine labor leaders, Peronist politicos and military men. They transmitted his demands and conditions for returning to Argentina to the Lanusse government, often on tape-cassette recordings of the master's voice. Were it not for the constant traffic to and from the Perón home, a nearby hotel (dubbed "Hotel Argentina") would probably have folded long ago, since it is too far from the center of Madrid to attract tourists.

At week's end Perón's future in Argentina was uncertain. His airport reception had been a disappointment: President Lanusse had flown out of Buenos Aires to lay the cornerstone of a petrochemical plant. No one could guess how he planned to react to *el Líder's* return. In the next week Perón will meet with representatives of the Justicialismo movement, as well as with those of Argentina's other political parties. Taunted and shunned as he was by Lanusse, Perón seemed to be asking instead of demanding that the Argentine people unite in a grand coalition that would restore the excitement and euphoria of his first years in power. Considering the obstacles ahead, it was highly possible that he might soon be forced back to Madrid in humiliation and defeat. But if Perón were to succeed in his mission, it would clearly have to be reckoned as one of the most spectacular comebacks in modern political history.

POLAND

Skin Games and Laissez-Faire

Two years ago, rioting Polish workers toppled the regime of Communist Party Chief Władysław Gomułka. Since then, under the more responsive leadership of Edward Gierk, Poland has begun to break away from the orthodox Marxist procedures that had led the nation into economic stalemate. To assess these changes, TIME European Correspondent David Tinnin visited Poland and sent this report:

As the play begins, a comely young woman emerges from a trysting match beneath a pile of quilts. A transparent body stocking is her only concession to modesty, and she remains blithely unclothed for the entire two acts. The play is called *Witkacy*—the nickname of the prewar Polish playwright on whose works it is based—and it is a bitter satire, attacking the dehumanization of helpless people by violent brutes and mindless technology. All that would not be particularly surprising except for the site of the stage on which it is being played: Warsaw's ornate Palace of Culture and Science, a gift from the Soviet Union to the Polish people after World War II. Elsewhere in the modern 30-story building, a nightclub features a floor show in which a man and woman, to the music of *Love Story*, slowly strip each other down to the barest of G strings.

The skin games in the Palace of Culture are symbolic of the changing atmosphere in Poland. On the eve of the second anniversary of the December ri-

ots, the country is in the midst of a subtle and selective revolution that is changing the very nature of its society. In Eastern Europe, Poland now ranks second only to Hungary in economic innovation, and in some areas, notably freedom of travel and the liberalization of agricultural policy, it actually leads the rest of the bloc.

Gierk, a skillful pragmatist, has managed to carry out the changes without overexciting the volatile Poles or frightening the Soviet leaders, who are wary of any sudden change in Eastern Europe. The new permissiveness in public entertainment, for example, has not

WALTER DALZEL/PA



SCENE FROM "WITKACY" AT WARSAW'S PALACE OF CULTURE
A subtle and selective revolution.

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been matched by tolerance of serious writers and other intellectuals. The old taboos against public criticism of the regime and of the Soviet Union remain in effect. Furthermore, Poland's economy remains so weak that it will require years to bring about lasting improvements. An average worker earns about \$114 a month. Food and rent are cheap: beef and pork start at 50¢ per lb.; rent averages \$20 a month. But luxury items are high: a new Fiat goes for \$7,777; a color TV costs \$1,136. Even so, Poles are impressed by the fact that Gierk is trying, and to a degree succeeding in bringing about a better life and freeing personal initiative from the stultifying grip of bureaucratic controls.

In a well-stocked Warsaw department store, I saw a young girl try on four coats before finally choosing one of them. "In the past we would have

grabbed the first coat available," she said. The situation is much the same in supermarkets and butcher shops. "I still have to stand in line for meat," explained one Warsaw woman, "but only because it takes the customers longer to make up their minds about which cut they want."

On a farm 25 miles outside Warsaw, a ruddy-faced peasant pulled the cork from a home-distilled bottle of honey liquor and talked about the impact of Gierek's agriculture reform, in which a return to a free Western-style market has replaced central planning. One result: Polish farm income has risen 37% in the past year. Though 80% of Polish farm lands are still privately owned, the farmer during the Gomulka regime was a virtual serf to the state, which told him exactly what and how much to raise. Now a farmer is free to grow whatever sells best. Says one: "I switched from grain and vegetable farming to raising pigs, and am making more money than ever."

Creating Wealth. To help overcome a housing shortage, Poles are now being encouraged to invest their savings in construction cooperatives or even to build their own houses. "I am a true capitalist," said the president of a cooperative near Warsaw. "I am helping these men to create wealth." But does not home ownership violate Marxist dogma on the accumulation of private wealth? "We solved that problem," declared the deputy head of Poland's Housing Authority. "We now consider housing to be personal property like books or clothing. Marx had nothing against that type of possession."

Perhaps the greatest psychological change for Poland was the opening of the country's borders with East Germany last January, since then more than 8,000,000 Poles have crossed the border to visit their neighbors to the West. They are distinctly impressed by East Germany's high standard of living and by the quality of such luxury consumer goods as cameras and TV sets.

Through his reforms, Gierek has done just about all he can to improve Poland's situation. Now he is trying to convince Poles that they must help themselves. Last week 1,700 trade union representatives gathered in Warsaw for their first congress in five years; Gierek told them that increased productivity was the only way to continue the upward trend in wages and social benefits. Because of badly organized industries, antiquated equipment and a lack of incentives, Polish workers produce only about one-third as much as their American counterparts. "The state cannot give anything to anyone," Gierek declared. "It can only distribute the goods created by work." If he can persuade the Poles to accept responsibility for their future rather than expect unrealistic results from the state, he may yet avoid a replay of the events of two years ago that brought his country to the edge of chaos.

ITALY

The Injustice of Justice

At 4:37 p.m. on Dec. 12, 1969, a bomb exploded inside the crowded National Bank of Agriculture in downtown Milan. Thirteen people were killed and four died later of injuries. A few minutes later in Rome, another bomb damaged the main office of the National Bank of Labor, injuring 14 persons. That same afternoon, two bombs blew pieces of marble off Rome's Victor Emmanuel monument; three pedestrians were hurt. Police in the two cities promptly went into action. Three days later in Milan, they arrested Pietro Valpreda, 37, a sometime ballet dancer and member of an anarchist group called "March 22" (after the 1968 rebellion of French students at Nanterre University); seven people affiliated with the organization were also picked up in Rome. Valpreda and two other March 22 members were subsequently charged with *strega* (massacre) in the Milan bombing, a crime that carries a life sentence.

Since then, Valpreda and his co-defendants have endured a Kafkaesque nightmare: nearly three years in prison without any resolution of their case. Their plight has focused attention on what Turin's moderate newspaper *La Stampa* called "the injustice of justice" in Italy, and has drawn the sympathy of concerned citizens who have little use for terrorist bombings or anarchism.

The case against the anarchists is based on fairly thin circumstantial evidence. The day after Valpreda's arrest, a Milan taxi driver told police that he recognized the suspect—from an old photograph—as the man with a briefcase whom he had driven 135 yards from a cabstand to the bank shortly before

the explosion. He later testified that police told him the photograph "was the one I had to recognize." The cabby, who happened to be an alcoholic, died of cirrhosis of the liver before Valpreda came to trial, leaving unanswered the question of why a terrorist would risk identification by riding a taxi for so short a distance. Also the driver's testimony was given *a natura memoria*, "for use in future," without Valpreda's counsel being present, which in Italy is unconstitutional. Despite such striking deficiencies in the case against them, Valpreda and his colleagues were indicted and remanded to await trial.

It turned out to be a long wait. Fully 26 months passed before a trial was held in Rome, which claimed jurisdiction because the fast bomb of the day had exploded there. After 16 days of inconclusive legal cavil, the Roman court suddenly declared itself "territorially incompetent." The case, encumbered with 16,000 pages of testimony, 120 lawyers, 400 witnesses and 104 "injured parties" (relatives of the victims), was shifted to Milan. Eight months later, Milan's attorney general requested a change of venue on the ground that the "public order" of the trial might be disrupted; the case was thereupon assigned to Catanzaro, on the southern tip of Italy.

Last month Catanzaro asked Italy's Supreme Court of Appeal to transfer the case somewhere else because the town lacked facilities to handle the trial, but the court refused to grant yet another change of venue. The trial may not be scheduled to resume until May at the earliest, since it will take at least that long for the Catanzaro judges and prosecutors to acquaint themselves with the voluminous records.

In the midst of all this legal maneuvering, a number of potential witnesses have died under mysterious circumstances.



ANARCHIST PIETRO VALPREDÀ SURROUNDED BY POLICE IN ROME
A Kafkaesque nightmare that lasted nearly three years.

cumstances. A car carrying three of them—including a woman member of the March 22 group—was crushed in September 1970 by a truck that suddenly backed into it: the unknown driver of the vehicle escaped. Two others connected with the case, who were listed by police as suicides by gas, had suspicious bruises on their bodies. An anarchist named Giuseppe Pinelli fell to his death while being questioned about the bombings. His widow is suing seven policemen for homicide, based on evidence gathered at the autopsy.

Adding to the confusion is the recent discovery of evidence suggesting that Valpreda and his friends may be innocent. Last August district attorneys who were investigating other terrorist acts charged two neo-Fascists with the Milan bombing. A consignment of 50 clockwork timers, exactly like those used in the bombings, was traced to one of the suspects, a bookseller from Padua named Franco Freda. Furthermore, the briefcases in which the bombs were hidden were all purchased in a Padua store only a block from Freda's bookshop. Worst of all, it now appears that high-ranking police officials tried to conceal some of this evidence.

Perhaps the single most shocking aspect of the case is that even if the Fascists are indicted, tried and convicted of the Milan massacre, Valpreda and his co-defendants can still be condemned for the same crime. This legal absurdity has had the positive effect of stirring up public pressure to reform Italy's anachronistic penal laws; among other things, they allow some suspects to be held for up to four years before trial. Last week, the Council of Ministers approved a draft bill that, if voted into law by both houses of Parliament, would permit judges to grant Valpreda and the others provisional liberty. That would take several months at least.

Meanwhile, the anarchists are still in prison. Valpreda has summed up his harrowing experience in a collection of bitter letters called *Letters from the Prison of the System*. "In the movies," he wrote, "imprisonment can be painful, but it's always in a certain intellectualized way. In reality there's only suffering, hate, stink, sickness. The blond hero who comes to lead his men after years in the dungeon doesn't exist. What comes out is a tired person who stinks or is tubercular. That's the reality."

BRITAIN

The Informal Queen

The pomp and circumstance that surrounded Queen Elizabeth's marriage to the Duke of Edinburgh would have greatly pleased her distant ancestor, Charles I, who insisted that "a subject and a sovereign are clean different things." But when the Queen and Prince Philip celebrate their silver wedding an-

niversary this week, Charles may be twitching in his burial vault at Windsor Castle. As one part of the celebration, Elizabeth has invited to a commemorative service in Westminster Abbey 100 couples from round the realm whose only connection with royalty is that they share Her Majesty's wedding date.

The folksy gesture is typical of Elizabeth's reign, at least in recent years. Disturbed by signs of creeping apathy toward the crown among her subjects, the Queen, now 46, has tried to make herself and her family seem more accessible to her people and less remote from reality. Perhaps the Queen's most

in the years since her coronation when, as one court observer puts it, she appeared to be a "terribly stiff, cardboard figure." On a visit to Stirling University in Scotland a few weeks ago, the Queen kept her cool even though she was jeered and jostled by a mob of angry students. "Did you know that I had to miss school because you're here today?" one of them shouted at her. Elizabeth smiled and calmly replied: "Aside from that, how are you enjoying your work here?"

Touches of Splendor. Even Elizabeth's formal appearances have become more informal. They are more likely to be marked by the strains of something hummable from Rodgers and Hammerstein than by flourishes of trumpets. The investiture of knighthoods, for instance, still takes place in the gilded ballroom of Buckingham Palace, with its enormous mirrors and rows of chandeliers. But two weeks ago, as the Queen tapped the sword on each shoulder of an honored subject kneeling before her, the band implausibly played *Jive Is Bustin' Out All Over*.

The same kind of informality extends into the private life of the Queen and her family. Her favorite party game when she entertains friends at the palace is a form of charades; she delights in feeding her five corgis daily on a sheet spread out on the floor of her flower-filled sitting room; she starts each day by reading *Sporting Life*, a daily racing sheet. Although it has shrunk by 15% since Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1953, the Queen's household staff still numbers more than 300 full-time employees, and she does preserve some touches of splendor. Each morning while she eats breakfast a bagpiper plays outside her window (a royal tradition that Philip has vainly opposed); her butter pats carry the royal monogram; when she feeds the corgis, it is with a silver fork and spoon.

There may be some danger in stripping the mystery from monarchy. More than a century ago, British Social Scientist Walter Bagehot wrote: "Above all this our royalty is to be revered... In its mystery is its life. We must not let daylight in upon magic." Perhaps. But the crown shows no signs yet of resting uneasily on the head of Queen Elizabeth II. A Harris Poll conducted last year showed that most Britons believe that the monarchy not only acts as a check against military or political leaders becoming too powerful, but also sets standards of morality and family behavior. The poll also indicated that if a vote were held, Elizabeth would overwhelmingly be elected Queen.



PRINCE PHILIP & THE QUEEN
Charades and Sporting Life.

significant attempt to take the mystery out of monarchy was her sanctioning of a candid, 1½-hour television documentary showing how she and her flock behaved in private. Although still every inch a Queen, she has projected the image of a modestly attractive matron whom anybody would be proud to have as an aunt. That is, if she were not, by dint of birth and the abdication of an uncle, tied up with the responsibilities of the world's most prestigious surviving monarchy.

British royal families have long endured heavy schedules of public duties (opening a hospital here, launching a ship there or welcoming a royal flourish some visiting head of state). Elizabeth, Prince Philip and their brood have tried hard to give the impression that it is not all a big bore (see *PEOPLE*, page 42). Elizabeth herself, for instance, periodically goes on what palace aides call a "walkabout," strolling among crowds of her subjects, chatting casually with whomever she bumps into. She has become considerably sophisticated



ICONS ON WALLS OF MOSCOW APARTMENT

SOVIET UNION

The Icon Klondike

Among the hottest items on Moscow's black market these days, along with long-playing records of *Jesus Christ Superstar* and bell-bottom blue jeans are, of all things, icons. "Words about God in paint," as they have been called, these centuries-old religious images painted on wooden panels are celebrated as one of the most sublime achievements of Russian culture. Even though the Soviet government still severely discourages popular support of the Orthodox faith, icons have lately regained some of their old luster and status in the U.S.S.R., and have inspired what Moscow's *Literaturnaya Gazeta* calls an "Icon Klondike."

Middle-class Muscovites have been buying the traditional paintings, both for their timeless beauty and as a practical hedge against inflation. The images have become so popular that last week Russians were buying up a first edition of a samovar-table book on the subject (with 50 color plates) at \$11 a copy. *Literaturnaya Gazeta* complained that some collectors purchased icons simply to "create an illusion of eccentricity of thinking or way of life"—in other words, to express their individuality. The images remain a sufficiently powerful symbol of religion and the old regime that many collectors feel compelled to keep them in the back rooms of their apartments.

The chief foreign customers for the art works are diplomats. It is an open secret in Moscow that some use their immunity from search to carry icons illegally out of the country. Representatives from the Third World countries of Africa and Asia often buy rubles in

Zurich at 20% of the official exchange rate, and smuggle the money back to Moscow to buy icons at bargain prices. They then sell the images for hard currency in Western Europe, and go back to Zurich to buy more rubles.

Icon prices are still surprisingly low, at least by Western standards. An ordinary 19th century icon in good condition can be purchased for about \$165 in local currency (compared with \$300 or so in New York for icons bought through Novexport, the state trading agency). The wholesale price is even lower. Police recently picked up a dealer who had bought seven icons from a church caretaker for one liter of vodka, and had acquired six others for a foreign-made gas lighter. When he was arrested, he had a stock of 400 icons and had bought two autos from the profits. Selling the icons also calls for ingenuity: one black marketer recruited a plumber as a door-to-door salesman, since his job took him into Moscow's best apartment blocks.

So far, there is no shortage of icons for sale. Many churches, closed during antireligious drives, were simply abandoned to the mercies of weather and thieves. Some icon dealers—one of them is known as "Sasha the Psycho" because his hands shake nervously when he calls on his customers late at night—simply pillage empty or unguarded churches. Others tour the countryside in search of icons, claiming to be museum officials or priests. Many Muscovites seem to feel that the icon racketeers unwittingly perform a service for Russia. Since the state has been negligent in preserving a heritage, the argument goes, it has been left to thieves to rescue the images from abandoned churches and attics, where they would otherwise remain decaying and unseen.

CHINA

A Letter from Mao

During the tumultuous upheavals of the Cultural Revolution, Mao Tse-tung's Little Red Book of *Quotations from Chairman Mao* became the Bible of Communist China. Now a letter has surfaced indicating that Chairman Mao himself had grave reservations about the cult of personality that engulfed him and his words in the mid-1960s.

Writing, probably from Hangchow, to his wife Chiang Ching on July 8, 1966, Mao said: "I have never believed that those booklets of mine possessed so much magic. Now, thanks to this babbling, the whole nation has been caught up in it. I expressed disagreement with my friend, but what was the use? The newspapers and periodicals exaggerated it all even more and popularized it. Under such circumstances I had

no choice but to give way." The allusion to "my friend" points clearly to Mao's since disgraced heir presumptive, Lin Piao, who had edited the Red Book in 1961 and in 1966 was in the midst of writing a glowing foreword to the new edition.

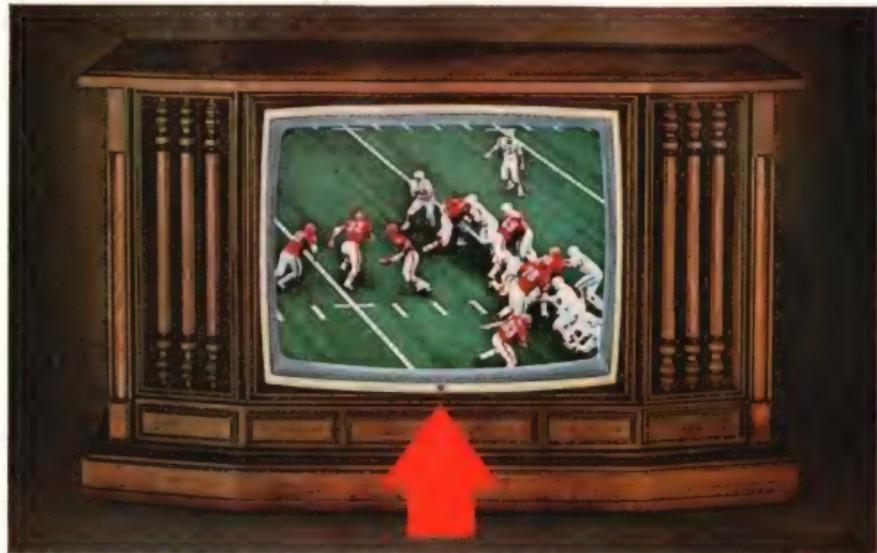
Key phrases from Mao's letter have recently been used in provincial broadcasts in China and in an issue of *Red Flag*, the party's ideological journal. Sinologists see two reasons why party leaders have resurrected it at this time. One is to help convince surviving cadres of the Lin Piao faction that the former Defense Minister, who was reportedly killed in a plane crash in Mongolia in September 1971 after the discovery of his plot to assassinate Mao, had been acting against the Chairman's will even as early as 1966. The other reason for its publication is probably to dissociate Mao from the excesses of the Cultural Revolution.

Some experts question the dating of the letter, since they doubt that Mao at the time was really that suspicious of Lin's ultimate intentions. Most accept the authenticity of the document, which offers rich insights into Mao's view of himself and his role in Chinese history, and is laced with tersely poetic allusions and lofty philosophical aphorisms.

Perhaps the most surprising aspect of the letter is its self-deprecating tone and its appraisal of the transitory nature of fame and the impermanence of doctrinal certainty. "I have self-confidence," Mao writes at one point, "but at times I lack it. Often I feel that just as when there is no tiger in the mountains the monkey reigns as king, in this way too I have become the big king. But this is not making compromises, because my dominant nature is that of the tiger, while my subordinate one is the monkey's."

MAO & LIN PIAO WITH RED GUARDS (1966)





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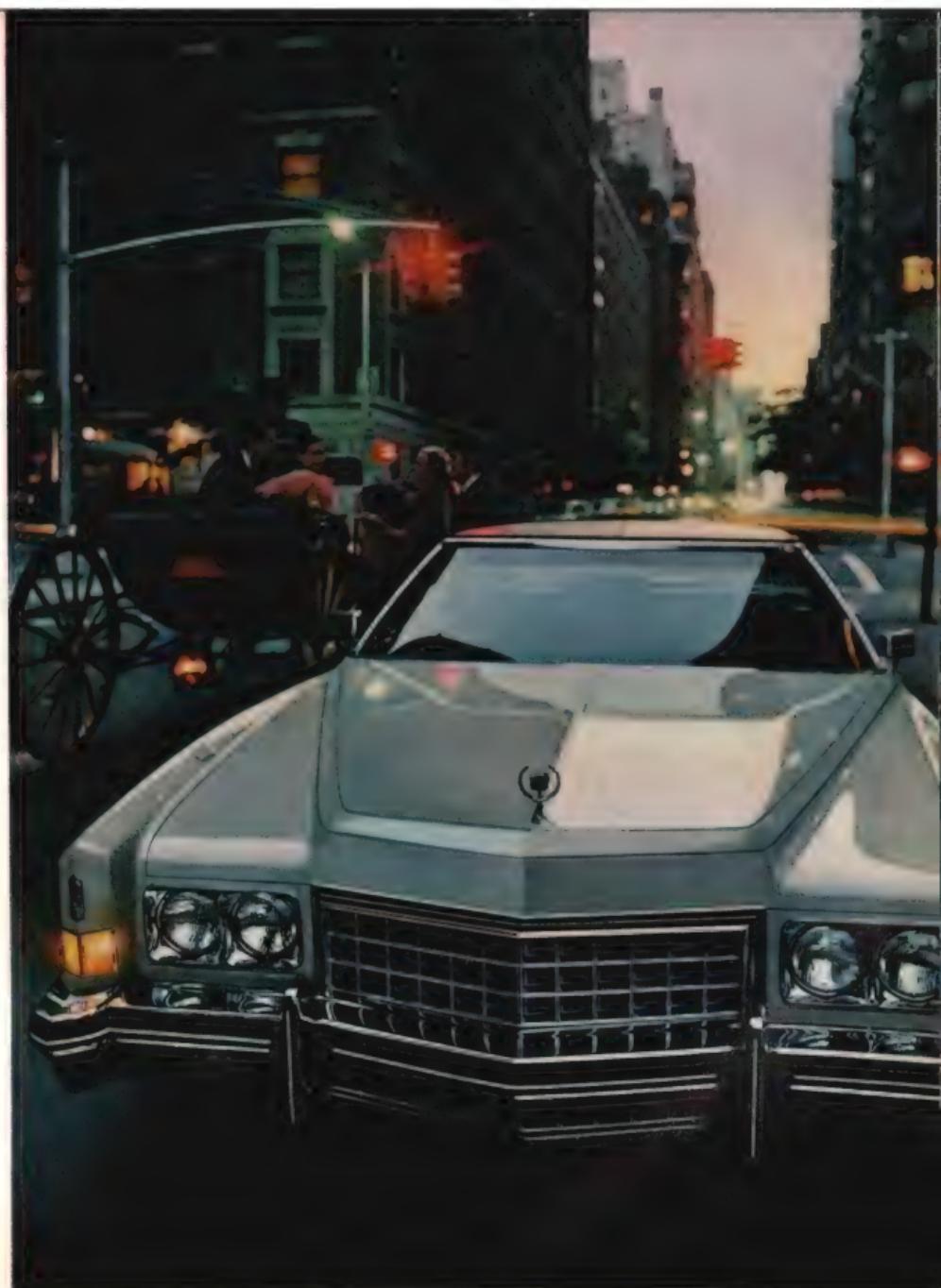
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Would you use an ordinary rum on a holiday?

Through the Black Mist

Japan's ebullient new Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka dissolved the national Diet last week to prepare the way for the country's twelfth postwar general elections on Dec. 10. Tanaka, who was chosen Prime Minister only four months ago, wanted to hold off until next year. The leaders of his ruling Liberal Democratic Party, however, were anxious to capitalize on the "Tanaka boom"—the surge of popularity caused by his quick action in achieving détente with China.

As it happens, the opposition was also eager to put Tanaka to the test. In the closing days of the Diet session, Socialist and Communist deputies furiously attacked what they described as the



TANAKA (WITH GOLFER JACK NICKLAUS)
Capitalizing on the boom.

"black mist" of suspected corruption in the Prime Minister's long and checkered political career. Specifically Tanaka's opponents charged that, during the years that he served as Finance Minister and Secretary General of the Liberal Democrats, his real estate firm benefited hugely from a series of government land deals.

Tanaka was understandably furious at the accusations, and he may in fact have been hurt somewhat by the corruption charges. Nonetheless, his unorthodox down-to-earth style still seems to be popular with the Japanese electorate. The betting is that Japan's new prime minister will almost certainly lead the Liberal Democrats to their tenth straight victory. At the worst, his lieutenants believe, the L.D.P.'s seats in the lower house of the Diet may drop from 297 (out of 491) to around 280, with the Communists and Socialists the likely gainers.

Royal Rumor

Radio Amman chose the occasion of King Hussein's 37th birthday last week to issue a rather odd disclaimer: "Certain information media have linked the name of His Majesty to the name of Miss Alia Bahaeeddin Toukan," declared a laconic announcer. It was true, he continued, that the King had known Miss Toukan since his school days and had a high regard for her and her family. Nonetheless, there was "no room for certain news that has been circulated outside this framework."

The announcement was peculiar for two reasons. In the first place, not a single newspaper in the Arab world had published any gossip linking Jordan's monarch to Miss Toukan. Moreover, since the lady in question is only about 20, any relationship the King had with her during his school days must have been decidedly avuncular. The rumors began six weeks ago after a water-skiing show at the resort town of Aqaba, where Miss Toukan acted as a Royal Jordanian Airlines hostess and Hussein, towed by helicopter, did a water-ski performance.

The inadvertent effect of Radio Amman's announcement was to give credence to rumors that Hussein was thinking of divorcing his second wife Muna, 31, the daughter of a British army officer. So far the Toukan family, one of the country's most distinguished, has said nothing about the rumors. Alia, an attractive blonde, was reportedly off on a shopping expedition to Paris with her mother. Some friends of the King were not enthusiastic about the possibility of another royal marriage just now. But then, they noted philosophically, when it comes to women, the King always keeps his own counsel.

Money Matters

The U.S. is trying to make U.N. membership a bit cheaper. Of the total annual assessment, the U.S. now pays 31.5% but wants its share cut to 25%.

In a mild revival of cold war rhetoric last week, Soviet Delegate Vasily Safronchuk ridiculed the U.S. decision, arguing among other things that New York City makes a lot of money from the U.N. Outraged, U.S. Delegate George Bush replied that the U.S. leads all nations in both its assessed and its far larger voluntary contributions to the U.N., bearing 40% of the total, while the Soviet Union trails badly with only 7%. "When the U.S.S.R. lectures my country on who does what to help," declared Bush, wagging a finger at Safronchuk, "please keep these figures in mind."

Money matters are very much on the U.N.'s mind this fall. Last month the organization had to remind 23 defaulting members to pay their 1972 assessments. U.N. deficits have ranged between \$53 million and \$70 million in recent years, not counting a tab of \$16.6

million that Taiwan left behind when it was expelled last year.

What to do? Suggestions range from operating a lottery to cutting top-level salaries. Some delegates have suggested controlling a blizzard of documents and cutting down on overseas junkets; some money could also be saved by avoiding symbolic nationalist gestures like last week's decision to locate the new U.N. environmental agency in Kenya rather than in Geneva where similar agencies are already established.

"Not One Penny"

Protestant extremists in Northern Ireland sometimes threaten that the province might some day follow Rhodesia's example and make a unilateral declaration of independence from Britain. Last week, on a two-day tour of Ulster,



HEATH LAYING WREATH IN BELFAST
Growing exasperation.

British Prime Minister Edward Heath warned of the consequences in the bluntest possible terms. Such an attempt not only would bring about a bloodbath, he said, but if it succeeded, Britain would not pay the new nation "one penny" of the \$500 million that it now subsidizes the province with annually.

On his first official visit to Northern Ireland's battle zones, Heath was guarded like a U.S. President venturing into Viet Nam. Armed troops surrounded him everywhere he went in Belfast and Londonderry. Heath did not hide Britain's growing exasperation with Ulster's warring factions. Irish sufferings "haunt us day by day," he said. But what the British people "do not as yet find in Northern Ireland," he added, "is the will to make an effective and lasting peace." As Heath toured the province, the bombings and shootings went on. By week's end the three-year death toll stood at 633.

PEOPLE



VAMPIRES: ELSA MARTINELLI...



...THE GUY DE ROTHSCHILDS...



"I didn't realize it was real until I saw the gun aimed directly at my bosom, which at the time was full of Indonesian rice." So said Peripatetic Fabulist **S.J. Perelman**, as he recounted the unnerving experience of watching a skyjacker take over an Australian airliner with 38 persons aboard. "When the plane stopped in Alice Springs, the hostess advised us that anyone who was ill or subject to heart attacks would be allowed to leave," said Perelman. "To my surprise, everyone but seven or eight immediately got up and left. I couldn't imagine why the others stayed. As we left, the hijacker asked each passenger to show his ticket, examined them, and then said, 'Get out.' My immediate reaction was to ask myself how a poltroon would behave in these circumstances. That's exactly how I behaved. I got off the plane."

"Ah! I hear the creatures of the night!" gloated Bela Lugosi as bats squeaked and ladies shrieked in *Dracula*. To recapture those dear old days in Transylvania, International Playboy **Günter Sachs** decided to celebrate his birthday by inviting nothing but vampires to his party. Dressed in capes and fangs, and liberally sprinkled with gore, came such pseudo sinners as Film Director **Roger Vadim**, the first husband of **Brigitte Bardot** (Sachs was the third); Director **Roman Polanski**, who once made a vampire movie starring his late wife **Sharon Tate**; **Christina Onassis** and German Automotive Heir **Mick Flick**; **Baron Guy de Rothschild**; and **Elsa Martinelli**. The bash lasted until 5 a.m., and there were no casualties—perhaps because the police were standing guard. According to one bystander, they kept out "anyone who looked normal."

Anyone for the Howard Hughes Game? Players equipped with dice, cards and one gold brick begin as the young Howard Hughes hoping to amass a fortune. As they move around the board, they meet Hollywood actresses, earn money in airlines and so on. One trick is to obtain an injunction preventing an opponent from making inroads on one's own empire. The real-life **Howard Hughes**' reaction? He sent his lawyers to court in New York and got a temporary injunction preventing the Massachusetts gamemaking firm of Urban Systems Inc. from making inroads on his own real-life privacy.

Dashing across her mother's domain in a Scimitar sports car, Britain's **Princess Anne**, 22, paid no attention to the speed limit of 70 m.p.h. The bohemes patrolling a highway near Windsor Castle stopped her and gave her a warning: a fortnight later, they stopped her again while she was tearing along another highway to the north. But can

a princess be prosecuted? The authorities hastened to say that they had no such intentions. Toward lesser members of the royal family, however, justice proved troublesome. The Queen's cousin, the **Earl of Lichfield**, was fined \$125 and lost his license for a year for driving while intoxicated. Even worse embarrassment awaited the Queen's uncle, **Lord Mountbatten of Burma**, fined \$50 for the watering of milk sold from the family estate in Hampshire.

"Yes, they are plotting against your dad," Senator **Harry S. Truman** complained to his daughter **Margaret** back in 1944. "Every columnist prognosticator is trying to make him V.P. against his will. It is funny how some people would give a fortune to be as close as I am to it, and I don't want it." Her father's reason, revealed by Margaret in *LIFE's* excerpts from her upcoming biography, *Harry S. Truman*: "I'd rather not move in through the back door." Truman suspected that **Franklin D. Roosevelt** would not survive another term in office. The suspicion grew when Truman had lunch with F.D.R. in August 1944, found the President's hands shaking, his speech difficult. "He asked Dad how he planned to campaign," Margaret relates, "and Dad said that he was thinking of using an airplane. The President vetoed the idea. 'One of us has to stay alive,' he said."

As polished literature, they may leave something to be desired; but as a lesson in prophetic hindsight, *McCall's* offered a sample of poems written by entertainers when they were too young to know better. From a twelve-year-old **Elizabeth Taylor**: "Loving you, / Loving you, / Could be such heavenly bliss... **Joan Crawford**, who became an expert at playing distraught ladies, offered this line at age 16: "Where are you? / My heart cries out in agony..." At eleven, **Bob Hope** began: "I dreamed I was a circus clown / I wore a funny suit." In his dream, Hope was caught by a lion. When the boy pleaded for mercy, the beast responded: "I'll let you free to do a show... / And come again another day."

"There are so many great habits that are good for you, and more fun too, than smoking," Actress **Eva Gabor** declared on becoming national women's "I.Q." ("I Quit") chairman of the American Cancer Society. Eva, who has just filed for a divorce from her fourth husband, urged women to make their spouses give up tobacco. Said she: "Nagging won't do it. You should blackmail them. I did that with one husband. We had a terrific argument and I said I would only forgive him if he'd give up his three packs a day. Now I have a new beau and I'm sending him to a hypnotist to help him give it up."

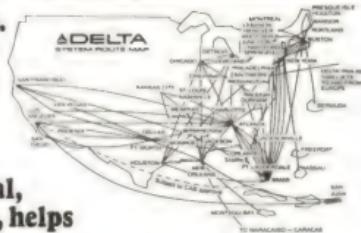
...CHRISTINA ONASSIS & MICK FLICK



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EDUCATION

The Two Societies

► Marsha Miles, a black sophomore at Yale, remembers what it was like to have a white roommate as a freshman: "I was a curiosity to her. She used to come into the bathroom to watch me comb my hair." After a year of that, Marsha decided to live with five other black women—and no whites. "It's no fun being a living experiment for somebody," she explains.

► Stanford University's Roble Hall is 30% black and the gathering place for other black students. At dinner, blacks eat in one dining room, whites in the other. Afterward, blacks play cards in the lounge while whites stay away. "There are times when the lounge belongs to the blacks, like after dinner, and then the whites take over later in the evening," says Glenn Garvin, a white sophomore living in Roble. "If you try and mix, you feel like a bullshitter liberal; if you don't, you feel like a racist. It's a very uncomfortable situation."

► Stokely Carmichael, who recently returned for a visit to the U.S. from his home in Africa, spoke at Michigan State University last week, and black students required the 75 or so whites in the audience to leave the university-owned auditorium. Explained Black Sophomore Conrad Bill: "It had a more relevant meaning for us than for whites." Added another black sophomore, William Calloway: "The absence of whites helped to unify the black students."

► "It's not segregation," says Adele Allen, Brooklyn-born black president of student government at Wellesley. "When I socialize, I prefer to hear James Brown, not Joan Baez, and when I'm at a party, I prefer to have black men around. This is not segregation; it's a matter of personal taste."

Such scenes and views can be duplicated at colleges across the country. After four or five years of intensified efforts to enroll black and other minority students, most institutions still have not succeeded in achieving integrated stu-

dent bodies. Although the law forbids segregated facilities, black students have their own fraternities and sororities, live in their own dormitories or only on certain floors, and congregate at their own tables in dining halls. After the freshman year—when many schools put blacks and whites together in the same dormitory rooms—most black students have little social contact with whites.

At first college administrators treated voluntary self-segregation by black students as a necessary but temporary phase. They said that poor youngsters from ghettos needed to gain self-confidence before entering the mainstream of college life. That change has happened on some campuses—Harvard and Oberlin, specifically, report very little separation—but on most campuses checked by TIME correspondents the segregation of the races appears to have become a permanent way of life. Says Senior Joe Conner, 21, chairman of the Black Student Union at the University of Southern California: "We just have no contact. They're there, and we're here."

To a large extent, racial separation on campus simply mirrors that of America as a whole. "We're just playing the role society has assigned to us," says Arthur Jones, an instructor at California State University at Northridge. This defensive view understandably derives from the years of white hostility—partly still real, partly imaginary—and is worsened by the fact that some blacks are ill-prepared, either academically or psychologically, for college. Wellesley's Allen says she was patronized when she first arrived: "The attitude was, 'You are underprivileged, you are behind and need help, you are not as good as us.'" In short, says Paul Black, director of minority affairs at Northwestern, "the white-student milieu was just too different for assimilation to take place."

Black students reacted by drawing together—sometimes even ostracizing fellow students who tried to integrate

with whites. With great earnestness, they shunned such traditional campus hijinks as Yale's Whiffenpoofs, Princeton's Triangle Show and Stanford's Gaieties in favor of black self-help or cultural projects. Black students at Columbia tutor schoolchildren in Harlem. For example, while those at Northwestern have formed a black choir, folk theater and dance troupe. At Cornell this fall, they opened Ujamaa, an all-black residential center devoted to the study of Tanzania President Julius Nyerere's philosophy of "familyhood."

Conflict. For the sake of campus peace, white administrators seem willing to tolerate a quiet separation of the races. They take satisfaction in the absence of open racial conflict, and they predict that self-segregation will go away by itself, though Elliot Solomon, a white junior at Columbia, points out: "There's no tension if there's no contact." Other administrators minimize the existence of self-segregation by describing it in euphemisms. Thus John Bunzel, president of California State University at San Jose, calls it "self-development," while at Barnard, Housing Director Blanche Lawton justifies reserving two dormitory floors for minority students as upholding "the principle of selective living for all students."

Such acquiescence is castigated by Psychologist Kenneth Clark, the only black member of New York State's Board of Regents, as "benign violation of the law—and I am not sure how benign it really is." Indeed, self-segregation does violate at least the spirit of federal laws, yet the policy of HEW's Office of Civil Rights is to take no action so long as a black dormitory or fraternity officially remains "open" to whites, even though no whites belong.

Not everyone has given up the effort to stop racial separation. In Philadelphia, for example, the NAACP threatens to sue the University of Pennsylvania to stop its W.E.B. DuBois Residence Hall from excluding whites. In New York, State Commissioner of Education Ewald Nyquist, who argues that "voluntary segregation is just as bad as required segregation," intends this month to order all colleges and uni-

ROBERT ISAACS



WHITE STUDENTS LINE UP FOR A MEAL AT STANFORD

"It's not segregation. When I'm at a party, I prefer to have black men around. It's a matter of taste."



BLACK STUDENTS IN SAME DORM EAT IN SEPARATE DINING ROOM

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Model 430. Under \$90 with Focused Flash.

Under \$80 without.

A lot more gift for a little more money. A built-in mechanical timer buzzes until your picture is developed. Uses Focused Flash. Automatic electronic exposure system for other shots. Dual-image coupled rangefinder-viewfinder. Precision triplet lens. Uses optional accessories.

Model 440. Under \$110 with Focused Flash.

Under \$100 without.

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image coupled rangefinder-viewfinder. Transistorized electronic shutter that can take automatic time exposures up to 10 seconds. Mechanical development timer. Uses optional portrait and close-up attachments.

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Polaroid Land Cameras.



Why some English crooks lost their crumpets and their stolen van when they tried to break Barclays Bank.

The night of December 11, 1971, some crooks entered a vacant flat above Barclays Bank in the sleepy English town of Winsford, Cheshire.

Their plan: Pull up the floorboards. Cut a hole through to the vault below, while listening for police on a short-wave radio. Then make off with the lolly.



Fortunately, a tiny sensor picked up the suspicious sounds and signaled an EPS Central Station. (EPS is the English branch of ADT, world's leading security experts.) Within seconds, police were on the way and the blighters were on the run. Leaving behind their cutting torches, their stolen van and a weekend's supply of tea and crumpets.

The moral (if you're on the wrong side of the law) is: beware of ADT. Because 98 years' experience have taught us that nothing squelches burglary or fire faster than instant response from one of our Central Stations. Which is why we maintain more of these, worldwide, than our three nearest competitors combined. And why we get jobs like protecting the dollars at the U.S. Treasury and

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If you've got something to protect, give us a call. We'll give you a free, no-obligation survey of your property, whether your property is a \$30-billion banking system or a \$30,000 split-level.

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ADT

The Security Company

EDUCATION

versities in the state to draw up plans to end separatism by 1973. Those who refuse to do so voluntarily, he says, may lose their state and federal funds, or even their accreditation. The obstacles confronting Nyquist are formidable, and his campaign may lead to an integration more pretended than real, but education leaders are not immune to idealism. As Clark puts it, "What is education for but to help human beings to move beyond those primitive, parochial walls of racial separatism?"

Whadjaget?

Many liberal educators agree that grades are a bad way to measure student achievement. Says Education Professor Sidney B. Simon of the University of Massachusetts: "The grading system is the most destructive, demeaning and pointless thing in American education. It allows certain administrative conveniences—permitting assistant principals to decide who goes on honors course—but it doesn't help learning."

What are the alternatives? Last week, some 800 teachers and administrators met in Cleveland for a three-day conference on the problem and weighed a series of possibilities, some of them highly elaborate.

Written evaluations. This system requires each teacher periodically to sum up a student's strengths and weaknesses. Such evaluations risk being excessively subjective, however, varying widely from one teacher to another.

Contract grading. The students decide with their teacher what material to cover in the course and what criteria are to be used in grading. This method is a bit cumbersome but gives students a clear idea of what is expected.

Performance curriculum. Here a teacher outlines at the beginning of the course precisely how much material a student must cover for an A or B, then lets the students work at their own pace.

Pass-Fail. By far the most popular alternative, this eliminates competition for grades but fails to distinguish excellent students from average or poor.

Blanket grading. This eliminates competition entirely by requiring a teacher to award every student the same grade, usually a B. Even most anti-graders, however, consider it an unsatisfactory method.

Secret grades. By not telling students what their grades are, a teacher can reduce competition but leaves his students anxious about what he thinks of them.

Since there is no one alternative, the conference decided to create a center on grading alternatives. It will serve as a clearinghouse for information on the experience of schools that have adopted various methods. It will also provide consultants for schools who want to try out new systems. Ultimately, says Simon, the goal should be to "banish from the land the cry, 'Whadjaget?'"



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I SAY GET-TOUGH
LAWS AGAINST
DRUNK DRIVERS
VIOLATE
INDIVIDUAL
RIGHTS.



WHAT ABOUT
THE RIGHTS OF THE
25,000 PEOPLE
THEY KILL
EVERY YEAR?



In an era when everybody is talking about individual rights, it's ironic that the right to drive has been so grossly abused. Thousands of deaths occur on our highways each year because of a small group of people.

They are habitual traffic offenders. They represent less than 2% of all licensed drivers but they cause 50% of the traffic fatalities!

Who is the habitual offender? He is the driver who continually disregards the safety of others and the laws of his state. And he proves it by accumulating repeat convictions for serious traffic violations such as drunk driving, speeding, running traffic lights, hit-and-run. By far the deadliest of the habitual offenders is the drunk driver. He is responsible for more traffic deaths

than any other single cause.

And here is the worst part: in most states, habitual offenders are still licensed to drive.

We at Safeco Insurance think there ought to be a law.

Tough state-by-state laws against drivers with repetitive convictions could lower traffic fatalities dramatically. It worked in Virginia. This was the first state to enact a Habitual Offender Law. Three years after the law went into effect, the death rate dropped from 5.2 to 4.3 per 100 million vehicle miles in three years compared to the U.S. average of 5.4. Other states enacting similar get-tough laws are Indiana, Maine, Mas-

sachusetts, New Hampshire, North Carolina and Rhode Island. And in Florida, a Habitual Offender Bill is now before legislature.

But there's a long way to go to make all our highways safer for the careful-driving majority. Every state must crack down with effective laws to get the potential killers off the road.

Below, we've outlined what we consider to be a tough but fair basis for legislation against the habitual offender. If you agree with Safeco's proposals and would like to know how you can support such legislation in your state, write to: Safeco Insurance, Seattle, Washington 98105.



Legislation advocated by Safeco

Revoke for a period of 5 years the license of any driver who, within a 5 year period of time, accumulates the following offenses singularly or in combination:

| Three or more convictions | Ten or more convictions |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Voluntary or involuntary manslaughter.2. Failure to remain at the scene of an accident resulting in death or injury to any person.3. Driving while under the influence of intoxicating liquor or illegal drugs.4. Driving after license has been suspended or revoked.5. Driving without a license.6. Reckless driving.7. Committing any felony in which a motor vehicle is used.8. Failure to report any accident resulting in property damage in excess of \$100.9. Falsely swearing or making false affidavits about information concerning motor vehicle law violations. | <ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Any moving traffic violation required to be reported to the bureau of motor vehicles. |

LET'S GET THEM
OFF THE ROAD
WHILE WE STILL
OUTNUMBER
THEM.



SMILE,
SAFECO'S
WITH
YOU.



THE "PERFECT MASTER" MAHARAJ JI ENTHRONED AT FESTIVAL IN DELHI

RELIGION

Junior Guru

He is called Balyogeshwar Param Hans Satguru Dev Shri Sant Ji Maharaj—hardly a name likely to become a household word. A little over a year ago only a handful of people outside India knew who he was. But last fortnight, when Guru Maharaj Ji (as he is short-titled) flew from the U.S. to New Delhi to celebrate a three-day festival in honor of his late guru father, he was accompanied by seven jumbo jets filled with new followers from the West. They were only a fraction of the number he had left behind.

No venerable ascetic in flowing white beard and robes, the latest star from the East to hit the guru circuit is a plump, cherubic 14-year-old, lightly mustachioed with peach fuzz, his neatly trimmed black hair slicked back. He dines on vegetables—literally supplemented by mounds of Baskin-Robbins ice cream. He does not practice yoga or formal meditation (having surpassed, he says, the need for it), but he has a passion for squirt guns and triple *Creature Features* horror movies.

The Maharaj Ji's mother and three older brothers literally worship him.

DIVINE LIGHT DISCIPLES WELCOMING THEIR LORD AT AIRPORT



and glory, and his silver steed will drift down at 4 p.m. at Los Angeles international airport, TWA Flight 761." That was enough to attract a coterie of guru buffs and various other seekers. In little over a year their number has swelled to some 30,000 youthful followers who man "Divine Light" centers in 45 states.

The teen-age master suggests a stringent life-style for his devotees, devoid of drugs, sex, tobacco and alcohol. In exchange he offers the gift of knowledge designed to open the initiate's "third eye" of inner awareness and thus bring him perpetual peace. Knowledge sessions sometimes last twelve hours or more and are conducted by 2,000 delegated mahatmas throughout the world. "If you can become perfect," the Maharaj Ji told his disciples in Delhi's Ram Lila Grounds last week, "you can see God. That's the way I did it."

A Great Kid. The *premies* adore their chubby guru, despite his frustrating habit of showing up hours late for rallies or sometimes not at all. "People who stick to their schedules become like a rock," he explains. As a mark of their devotion, his *premies* wear their hair short and shave their beards. Makeshift barber chairs were set up in Air India's lounge at Kennedy Airport in New York to shear some lingering longhairs before the Divine Light pilgrims took off for the Delhi festival. The grateful faithful have also laden their lord with gifts, including a Rolls-Royce, a Mercedes and two private planes.

When he and his devotees landed in New Delhi, customs officials thought they had caught the Perfect Master with an embarrassment of riches—a suitcase containing diamonds and other jewels plus \$65,000 worth of undeclared foreign currency. The guru's retainers claimed that the money amounted to only \$12,000 and represented excess funds from their Divine Bank for travel expenses. The jewels, they said, were the "gifts of devotees from many nations" to the Lord of the Universe. Indian officials were unconvinced, and launched an investigation.

The amiable young master remained unperturbed at the airport as he smilingly greeted his followers from a marigold-decorated throne set up on the back of a Jeep. "The amazing thing about him," said his private secretary, Gary Girard of Los Angeles, "is that he can meditate 24 hours a day no matter what is happening."

Whirling Mystics

*Listen to the reed breathing
Fervent love and intense pain
Since it was wrenched from its
marshy bed...*

*Kindled by the spark of love
I am drunk with love's own wine
If you wish to know what lovers
suffer
Listen to the reed.*

For the 13th century Persian poet Jalal ad-din Rumi, the reed was a met-



Zack and Karen Taylor, whose hobby is horse racing, help put Montego's ride to a rugged test. First a movie camera is mounted on the axle.



Then Karen drives the 1973 Montego through scenic California horse breeding country, while Zack shoots from inside the car.



At 12 to 20 mph, it's easy to see the wheel-camera is getting a bumpy ride. The pictures it takes show how rough that road really is.



But Zack, shooting at the same time, is getting sharp, steady pictures that show how smoothly this personal size Mercury rides.



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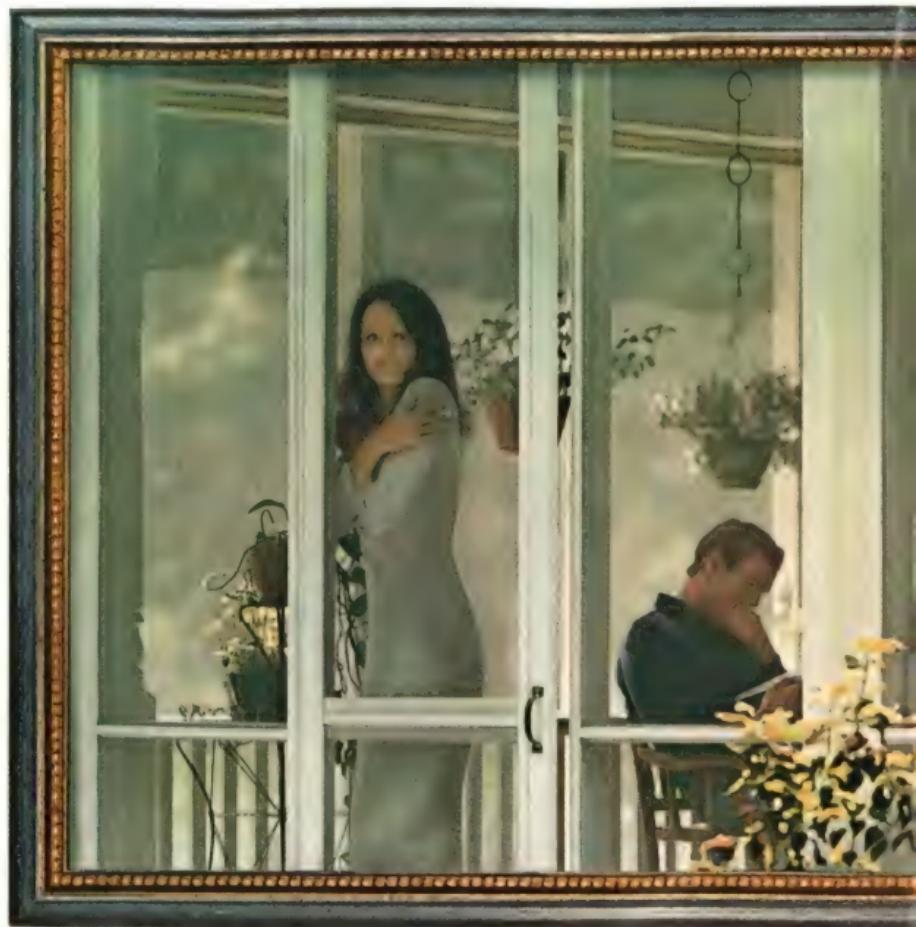
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DERVISH RITUAL AT BROOKLYN ACADEMY
Throwing off soul's symbolic tomb.

aphor for man. Rumi was a follower of the ancient principles of Sufism, a mystical movement that is to Islam roughly what Hasidism is to Judaism. He believed that the soul and God are one and the same. The world, he taught the faithful, is but a tomb, temporarily separating the soul from its divine milieu. In order to release the imprisoned spirit, he taught the Sufi dervishes (Persian for beggars) to dance themselves into an ecstatic trance; all their movements were made in rhythm with the music of reed flutes, drums and tambourines.

Last week the modern disciples of Rumi, who were ending their first tour of North America to promote Turkish culture, performed their 700-year-old ritual at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Nine dervishes, solemn in long black capes and tall cylindrical hats, entered the hall led by a sheik. Beckoned by the chant of a blind singer and the melancholy solo of a reed flute, they threw off their voluminous black cloaks, symbols of the tomb that they believe encases the soul. Slowly and gracefully they began to revolve, their long white skirts billowing into circles. Gradually they extended their arms, one palm turned heavenward to receive divine grace, the other toward earth, symbolically dispensing the grace to man.

In contrast to the common notion that dervishes spin themselves into a delirious frenzy, they performed movements that were as carefully controlled as they were ritualistic, each of the dancers adopting his own speed, like so many planets turning on their axes. "It is a spiritual feeling," explains Dance Master Ahmet Bican Kasapoglu, "but we are in reality. We don't give our selves over to unreality." After nearly half an hour, during which kettle drums drove the music to a hypnotic crescendo, the dervishes gradually wound down. Their arched skirts sank to their ankles, and they crossed their arms over their chests, in seeming resignation to the necessity of returning once more to their earthly prison.

Guided Missile

He doesn't walk, he oils himself across the stage. He doesn't jump, he takes off like a small but carefully guided missile. If there should ever be another power failure on Broadway, Ben Vereen could light up the Imperial Theater with one or two snaps of his electric, ring-encrusted fingers. In *Pippin*, a new hit musical (TIME, Nov. 6) with many standout parts, Vereen's M.C. stands out from all the others.

As Vereen plays him, the M.C. is a kind of failed Mephistopheles, a combination of Joel Grey's decadent host in *Cabaret* and vaudeville's old-fashioned song-and-dance man. His eyes dance, roll, and turn somersaults in an amused self-parody, but they are too bright to be decadent and too playful to be evil. He tries to tempt and waylay *Pippin*, the show's Candide-like hero, but it is obvious that he is having too much fun to take the devil business seriously. "It began as a very small part," says *Pippin*'s Director Bob Fosse. "It was invented as it went along, and it kept growing with Ben's ability to take anything and make it into something wonderful. There's no man like him on the musical comedy stage. He's hell-bent for somewhere."

Heaven-bent might sound better, considering Vereen's background. Not only was his father a deacon at Brooklyn's Concord Baptist Church and his godfather a traveling Baptist preacher, but Vereen studied six months in a Manhattan seminary. "I was always being saved," he says of his upbringing, "getting on my knees and ridding myself of the demon." Though he quit the seminary and later had what he calls a "little lovers' quarrel" with the church, he says he went into the theater "because it allowed me to reach people in so many capacities, to build a frame and fill it up with the spirit."

Boggy Pants. His mother, who worked as a domestic, had spent some of her earnings to send him at the age of ten to something called the Star Time Dance Studios, which gave him just enough coaching to appear at an annual recital at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. "You got out there in your silk shirt, baggy silk pants, and the tap shoes your mother had you paint silver the night before," he remembers happily. "It was a beautiful experience, and if I had to do it over, I'd come up the same way."

Although his grades in school were poorer than poor—"I was skinning by on my belly," he says—his talent got him into Manhattan's famous High School of Performing Arts. That led after graduation to a job as an understudy off-Broadway, and that led absolutely nowhere. For a year, Vereen worked in the mail room of a motion-picture com-

pany, vainly hoping that somebody would notice his loud on-the-job singing, then he landed a spot in a small-town Pennsylvania production of *West Side Story*. There he found his first and, so far, only experience of discrimination in the theater. "I wanted to play Riff," he complains, "but they said I couldn't play the part because I wasn't Polish."

After that Vereen was once again out of work and hungry. "I'll never forget it. I didn't have any money. I was dodging the landlord by climbing up to my apartment by the fire escape," he says, "and I was eating crackers—you'd be amazed how full you can get on crackers and water." Fortunately he soon found himself in the Las Vegas company of *Sweet Charity* and the road company of *Golden Boy*. Finally, he landed the plum role of Judas in *Jesus Christ Superstar*. "I've never felt that 'what-am-I-doing here?' feeling because I know what I'm doing here," he says with a naive modesty. "I love working, and I have to create, create, create. Each director pulls something out of me which amazes me. I guess it's my determination that allows me to do it and my trust in that person."

At 26 Vereen is hyperdetermined, as well as hyperenergetic. Even offstage, says his friend Manhattan Restaurateur Jean-Claude Pujol, "he can't sit down at a nightclub; he has to perform." Yet his success has come so fast that he is a little dazed. Recently he interrupted an interview to ask TIME's Patricia Gordon, "Am I really a star?" He is trying to take each thing as it comes these days, but still has one further ambition. It is neither to sing nor dance, but—what



"PIPPIN'S" M.C. BEN VEREEN
Spirit in the frame.

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

else would a Brooklyn boy want?—to act in a western movie, where he could ride a horse, shoot a gun, and wear boots "with spurs in the back that jingle when you walk down the street."

Purge Week

On Manhattan's Sixth Avenue, where the TV networks have their headquarters, you could almost hear the knives being sharpened last week. It was that time of year again, and TV executives were quietly doing in the shows that had failed to measure up in the new season, then announcing their January replacements.

In a move to strengthen its weak showing in the Sunday-night ratings, CBS announced that it would drop two situation comedies, *The Sandy Duncan Show* and *Ann and the King*, a handsome but rather tired nonmusical rehash of *The King and I*. In their place the network laid on a private-eye show starring Buddy Ebsen, who played the daddy in *The Beverly Hillbillies*, a CBS staple several seasons ago.

ABC needed bolstering on Saturday night, where CBS has a virtual viewer monopoly with *All in the Family*, *Brigette Loves Bernie* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. Dropped were *Alias Smith and Jones*, a western inspired by the movie *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, and *The Sixth Sense*, a pseudo-mystery about extrasensory perception that showed absolutely no prescience about what viewers wanted. As replacements, ABC has scheduled a new comedy starring Shirley Booth called *A Touch of Grace*—based, like several recent TV successes, on a British series—and a sitcom titled *Here We Go Again*, starring Larry Hagman and Diane Baker, as a newly married couple who live near their ex-spouses.

The most familiar show to fall in this year's purge was *Bonanza*, an NBC western whose beginnings date back almost to TV's neolithic age—1959. In 13½ years TV viewers have watched Michael Landon, the baby-faced young-er brother on the *Ponderosa*, grow a little jowly, and Lorne Greene turn into an oats-and-saddle elder statesman. The series was as popular outside the U.S.: by last count, it was being seen in some 90 countries. The simple message that good always triumphs over bad is just as clear in Farsi as in English.

What finally downed this venerable show was a fusillade from several directions. It never recovered from the death last May of Dan Blocker, who played Hoss, the bluff but gentle giant. Perhaps most important, public taste was changing, and the show's simple formula did not allow for exploration of the more complicated themes that interest viewers today. In the latest Nielsons, the series had fallen to No. 53. There is still some solace for *Bonanza* buffs, however. Chances are that it will rerun through syndication for at least another 13 years.



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SERVING WENCHES TRAIPSING ON TABLE



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MODERN LIVING

Dining with Henry VIII

"Good evening. For tonight you are back in 1520 A.D., where women are second-class citizens." With that greeting, male customers are ushered into the 1520 A.D. restaurant in Anaheim, Calif., where Old English fantasy, audience participation and a big helping of unabashed male chauvinism are on the menu. Women are ordered to walk six paces behind their escorts into the paneled banquet hall, where spoons are used for hanging on tables, and the diners themselves play leading roles in an outlandish floor show.

Others in the cast of characters include a juggler, a man dressed in a bear costume who periodically chases a fleeing damsel around the room, and a bevy of "pinchable wenches" who wait on tables—and dance on them too. Presiding over all is a reincarnated Henry VIII, brought back to life at the boisterous age of 29. When the King enters the room, diners are expected to drop their forks and snap to attention. When he raises his tankard and exclaims, "All hail," the guests are expected to return the toast, "Wassail." When his jester leads a chorus of the King's favorite ditty, *Immorality Forever*, woe to the bloke who fails to sing along.

"I am told someone thinks his soup is more important than singing," bellows the King's henchman if a nonsinger is detected. "He who does not sing goes to the stocks, and we encourage bread to be thrown at him." Without further encouragement, the customers begin beating their spoons on tables and chanting, "Stocks, stocks," and the hapless miscreant, man or woman, is unceremoniously clapped in a pillory and pelted with wads of bread by his fellow diners. As a consolation, the prisoner may also receive spontaneous—and sympathetic—kisses from other diners.

"It's like mass group therapy," says John Bloom, the 1520s creator, in ex-

plaining why people spend \$7.95 for the privileges of eating a mediocre meal and taking part in the far-out activities. "This is a place where people can release their inhibitions. It's all in fun and we don't let it get out of hand."

A fast-talking Englishman, now 40, who made and lost a fortune selling washing machines, Bloom had been struck by Comic Don Rickles' ability to insult Las Vegas audiences and make them love it. Audience participation, he decided, could spark interest in the little-known medieval restaurant he had opened in London. The serendipitous broadcast of *The Six Wives of Henry VIII* on British television provided some publicity, and after Bloom added the nonstop entertainment, the prototype 1520 became a success.

The Anaheim version of the restaurant shamelessly mixes old English songs with choruses of *I've Been Working on the Railroad* and *The Star Spangled Banner*. But despite the anachronisms and some complaints from outraged feminists and men who did not like the way their dates were manhandled in the stocks, the 1520 has been packing them in since it opened three months ago. Bloom and his associate, Writer Daud Alani, have already opened a second branch in Los Angeles and plan to go nationwide next year. They hope to make a profit while they can, for there is an obvious limit to the amount of repeat business the 1520 will do. "You could not come here every night," says Bloom. "You could not stand the strain."

Talking Football

The millions of football widows around the U.S. have long been resigned to hearing the voices of sportscasters boozing from television sets and radios on autumn Saturdays, Sundays and Monday evenings. Over the balance of the week, however, a subtle peace usu-

ally reigns, broken only occasionally when a dedicated fan tunes in to basketball and hockey games. Now even that peace is threatened: Mattel Inc. of Los Angeles has introduced a Talking Football game that makes it possible for the football widow to hear the maddening tones of the football announcer at any hour on any day of the week.

The heart of the game is a little red record player that resembles a transistor radio. It is slotted to accommodate one of 13 cookie-size plastic records, each bearing on one side a recording of a play (long pass or off-tackle run, for example) and on the other a choice of six possible defenses. To call a play, one participant chooses the appropriate record and inserts it halfway into the so-called Sportscaster Box. His opponent, who can see only the defense possibilities on his side of the record, chooses a likely one by rotating the record until the segment labeled "blitz," for example, is at the top. Then he pushes the record all the way down.

Great Play! That starts the record player and produces a sportscaster's voice (it belongs to Dick Enberg, radio announcer for the Los Angeles Rams) excitedly describing the play. "The blitz is on...a pass to the fullback, screen over the middle...twenty-five yards," or perhaps "screen left...cornerback...great play...makes the tackle. No gain!" Crowd cheers provide an appropriate background. The players move a yard-marker on a miniature gridiron according to the announced result, and another play is chosen. There are special records for punts, fumbles, interceptions and the like, a small scoreboard and even miniature goal posts.

Chance and skill play about equal roles in the outcome of the game, say the Mattel people. It is perfectly possible, for example, to outguess the defense and complete a long pass, but then suffer a fumble. Talking Football is the firm's major entry in the game business this year. Though sales figures are secret, Mattel declares: "Early movement is very encouraging." Not for football widows.

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Trial Reporter on Trial

During the Charles Manson trial in the fall of 1970, Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* Reporter William T. Farr obtained and published details from a prosecution witness's pretrial statement. The material was sensational: it told of the Manson group's plans to murder several celebrities (Elizabeth Taylor's eyes were to be mailed to an ex-husband; Frank Sinatra was to be flayed alive). Trial Judge Charles H. Older, who had previously prohibited lawyers and others involved from giving out information on the case, decided to punish the source of the leak. He asked Farr to identify the offender. The reporter promptly refused, claiming immunity under Section 1070 of the California Evidence Code, which protects newsmen from contempt citations for keeping sources confidential. There, apparently, the matter ended.

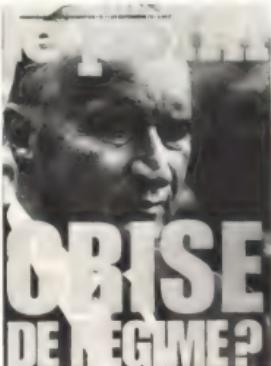
Seven months later, however, when Farr left the *Herald-Examiner* for a public relations job, the persistent judge subpoenaed him, claiming that he had not only lost the protection of Section 1070 but that he was also an accessory to a violation of the court's gag order. Although Farr submitted the names of six attorneys and said that his sources were among them (under oath all denied involvement), Judge Older ordered him jailed until he specified his informants. In December 1971, Section 1070 was amended to shield former newsmen from contempt citations, but that same month, in upholding Older's decision, a state appeals court ruled that the "vital power of the court to control its own proceedings and officers" was paramount. If the Evidence Code interfered with that judicial right, the decision added, the code would be unconstitutional.

Adaman. Allowed to remain free while his appeals continued, Farr took a job with the Los Angeles *Times* and waited. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court declined—without comment—to review his case, and Farr, still adamant, was jailed on Thursday; about three hours later, a state appeals court freed him temporarily while it considered his lawyer's petition for a permanent stay of sentence. Another lengthy round of appeals could follow.

Farr's brief incarceration was yet another example of the press's recent difficulties with law-enforcement and judicial authorities over confidentiality of sources and unpublished material. Many newsmen think that it indicates a stiffening stance by officials. But unlike other cases, in which reporters have maintained silence in the face of grand jury investigations, the Farr incident involved a direct challenge to a judge's attempt to protect defendants' rights in a capital case.

Making *Le Point*

To Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, the appearance of a new newsmagazine was a Gaulist plot against his successful anti-regime weekly *L'Express*. "The government tried to muzzle me through *Le Point*," the publisher-politician-author says of his rival, "and it hasn't worked out: We have won the battle." To Claude Imbert, *Le Point*'s editor and Servan-Schreiber's former colleague, the aim is to give French readers a taste of journalism free of ideology, an antidote to the "current breed of French intellectuals in the press and elsewhere, with their leftist dogmas and complacent nihilism." To Simon Nora, head



of *Le Point*'s parent company, the battle has just begun, and it is nothing more than old-fashioned competition. *L'Express* has flourished with a *TIME*-like format; "All we're doing," says Nora, "is trying to create a viable *Newsweek*."

Verbal duels aside, *Le Point*'s debut two months ago was a high point in a fascinating contest within Paris' politically marbled journalistic establishment. The brouhaha really began in 1970, when J.-J. S.-S. won a seat in the National Assembly representing his somewhat left-of-center Radical Party.

In the months that followed, editorial complaints about the publisher's "politicization" of *L'Express* swelled into a full-scale office revolt: a showdown between Servan-Schreiber and his staff in mid-1971 resulted in the mass resignation of the magazine's senior editorial staff. Nine of the former *L'Express* men began to meet regularly to plan a new magazine to compete with their former employer.

Eventually the group presented its concept to Nora, general director of Librairie Hachette, a giant firm that owns 50 publications. The company also has links with the reigning Gaullist Party.

Ironically, Nora himself was one of Servan-Schreiber's closest associates during the launching of *L'Express* in 1953, but the friendship ended over Nora's acceptance of a government post. The bad blood between the two added spice to Hachette's decision to publish *Le Point*. "Between such good friends gone wrong," says one top Paris journalist, "there can be nothing but cadavers."

Hachette launched a \$2,000,000 promotion campaign, ridiculing French journalistic "conformity" and promising *Le Point*'s independence of everybody, including owners—a slap at Servan-Schreiber's control of *L'Express*. Stung by Servan-Schreiber's charge that Hachette would use *Le Point* to parrot the government line, Publisher Olivier Chevillon and Editor Imbert argued that since Servan-Schreiber's entry into partisan politics, *L'Express* has ceased to be a true newsmagazine. *Le Point*, they promised, would be objective.

So far, the magazine has justified



EDITOR CLAUDE IMBERT
Giving a choice.

neither the fears of its detractors nor the hopes of its founders. Its first issue carried a cover photograph of President Georges Pompidou above a banner asking *CRISIS OF THE REGIME?* The story inside focused on scandals in his administration. Subsequent numbers have pushed no political line; indeed, French readers, accustomed to tilted journalism, have complained that they don't know where *Le Point* stands. In recent weeks the magazine has urged retention of the *force de frappe*, France's nuclear-weapons unit, and the construction of a major new port near Marseille, both targets of *L'Express*'s scorn. According to Imbert, the editors plan in the near future "to personalize the style somewhat, to get away from the strictly reportorial tone."

Le Point has thus far based its claim for individuality largely on the lavish use of color and other graphic devices that seem to be borrowed from a number of magazines, including *TIME*, *Newsweek*, and *U.S. News & World Report*. *L'Express* typography is bland by comparison. The new magazine has also developed strong feature departments, and is crisply written. Stories on the huge new skyscrapers destroying Parisian vistas and on the ecological



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THE PRESS

dangers of the plastics industry broke new ground. But so far *Le Point* has not matched *L'Express*'s skill at gathering hard news. With the first hints of a Viet Nam settlement, for instance, *L'Express* hit the stands with a cover photo of President Thieu and a substantial story on the negotiations: *Le Point* did not cover the story fully until the following week.

With a full-time editorial staff of 33 and weekly sales of 140,000 (down from 300,000 for the premier issue), *Le Point* poses no immediate threat to *L'Express*, which boasts a staff of 85 and a circulation of 600,000. In fact, competition seems to have strengthened *L'Express*: the Nov. 6 issue set records for size (224 pages) and ad revenue (\$600,000). *Le Point* expects to be a money-losing operation until 1974; in the meantime Hachette's resources should assure its short-term survival. Sources in the publishing field think that *Le Point*'s big test will come in next spring's legislative elections. If the magazine vociferously supports Pompidou's embattled Gaullists, it may be irrevocably branded a government mouthpiece. Publisher Chevallier thinks that *Le Point* will be strong enough by election time to back whom it pleases and ignore such charges. "There's room for us," he says, "and we'll prove it then."

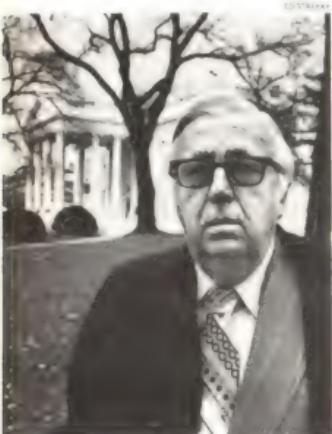
White House Scoop

Veteran White House Reporter Garnett ("Jack") Horner, 63, described it as "my biggest beat, the high point of 45 years in the newspaper world." It was all of that. Two days after the election, the *Washington Star-News* printed Horner's exclusive interview with Richard Nixon. While Nixon's revealing look into the future was being headlined around the country—with credit to the reporter and his paper—the *Star-News* followed with a second Horner interview, this one with Presidential Adviser John Ehrlichman, which included specifics about Administration fiscal plans. It, too, received wide attention.

Horner and the *Star-News* were the envy of the profession. Still, everyone knows that a presidential interview is granted, not obtained. Why that reporter and that newspaper? Ironically, the "credit" seems to belong to the *Washington Post*. The *Star-News*'s morning rival and the Administration's nettlesome enemy. A White House aide confirmed that suspicion: "The whole idea [in granting the interviews]," he told *TIME*, "was to screw the *Washington Post*. The thinking was, 'How can we hurt the *Post* the most?' They seem to relish the frontal attacks. The answer is to get people thinking, 'I wonder what's in the *Star-News* today?'"

The Administration ploy was part

*By White House count, the President has given seven previous, on-the-record interviews to *TIME*, the *New York Times*, each of the TV networks (CBS twice), and the London *Sunday Telegraph*.



STAR-NEWS'S GARNETT HORNER
Enjoying his beat.

of a long feud with the *Post*, exacerbated in recent months by the paper's relentless pursuit of the Watergate and other political-espionage stories. Reverting to "frontal attacks" after the Horner stories appeared, Presidential Special Counsel Charles W. Colson accused the *Post* of "McCarthyism" in its use of anti-G.O.P. allegations. Colson described *Post* Executive Editor Benjamin Bradlee as the "self-appointed leader of a tiny fringe of arrogant elitists." Remarked Bradlee: "I just don't think I'm going to answer that stuff from Mr. Colson." His reaction to the White House gift of exclusives to the *Star-News*? "So be it."

Horner acknowledges that his paper has been "more favorable than unfavorable" to Nixon. But he emphatically denies—with justice—insinuations that the *Star-News* is an Administration mouthpiece. On the other hand, he did not exactly cross-examine the President; he asked no questions about Watergate, and Viet Nam came up on Nixon's initiative. Horner explains that he was interested in Nixon's "basic philosophy and what the next four years would be like."

Revival. The scoop helps the *Star-News* at a time when it is already picking up momentum. For years the morning *Post* had held a commanding position in terms of economic strength and journalistic prestige while the two afternoon papers were faltering. Last July the *Star* absorbed the *News*. The combined paper has increased advertising and reached a weekday circulation of 415,884 (compared with the *Post*'s 519,795). It could operate in the black this quarter for the first time since 1970. In the long run, the *Star-News*'s revival could benefit Washington readers and the *Post* in particular by generating real competition.



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Menaced Skin

When Lucas Samaras was a small boy in Macedonia, his father was the village furrier. "I spent a couple of summers in the business to find out what it was all about," he recalls. "Part of it was to stretch wet skins, fur down, on a board and pin the edges down. Later, when the skin is dry, you remove the pins and the skin is hard." In some ways this fragment of memory suggests the works of art Samaras was to make in adulthood: the pins, the textures, the extreme sensual contrasts (soft hair against the stink of tanning and death), the transformation from moist pliability to crackly parchment.

But today the skin is not an animal's; it is, so to speak, his own. Samaras' retrospective, which opens this week at Manhattan's Whitney Museum, is a singular and fascinating record of anxious self-inspection.

Samaras' physical context is that of American art. He is not a "Greek" artist. He moved to New York in 1948, after a childhood spent in the atmosphere of war and civil war in Greece. He was only eleven and, as he remembers it, a "trembling, mother-clutching neurotic." But in his birthplace, he says, "I built up whatever was necessary for my unconscious. Greece became like my dreams, my sleep. America is what I am when I'm awake. My art is a curious mixture of this." With Samaras the image becomes, almost literally, an "embodiment" of his sense of self and a menacing world; the condition of being in a universe which looks at the same time disjointed, visually exotic, but ultimately perverse.

Boxes figure large in his work; and each box, with its lid and compartments and sliding drawers, is a microcosm. At first one is seduced by the greenish blue, aquarium-like interior of Box 17 (Box C). Then the eye discerns the contents, wavering amid their reflections from the walls: a glass goblet filled with a bouquet not of flowers but of vicious glass shards; a moribund pink foot; a small geometrical plastic construction, reclining like a tiny fakir on a bed of nails.

Samaras' sense of texture is acute, and he uses it to produce visual effects that are almost physically painful. His boxes bristle with pins and blades and wires; a pocket edition of Dante's *Divine Comedy* gapes and a pair of scissors holding a double-edged Gillette razor snicks out of it; a stuffed bird.

Box 55, nestled in a bed composed not of twigs but of thousands upon thousands of sharp glass fragments. The textures, in short, are not to be touched; they are real enough to wound, but they do not pertain to the "real" world. Samaras brings such contradictions to an excruciating pitch by, among other devices, his use of color—brilliant loops and stripes of rainbow-dyed wool, confetti patterns of dots and painted flecks, drawerfuls of costume-jewelry sequins, crusts of rhinestone and glitter.

Some of his boxes are so perverse in their tawdriness that they resemble a makeup case for Medusa. Every ob-

Samaras is not the most easily approachable of men. His efforts seem governed by Gide's famous plea. "Do not understand me too quickly." Compared with many other New York artists his age (36), he is almost a hermit. He shuns the art-world circuit, living and working in a cluttered container of a brownstone apartment in Manhattan which, in its contents, resembles one of his own boxes. An ironic reclusiveness directs his talk. Conversations are apt to falter and go brown under that sharp gaze. This is part of a strategy common to Samaras' art as well. "People go about," he says, "being nice or unkind, talking to you with monotonous expectations until you do something to make them stop: then you wait for them to get their balance and you watch them reconsidering you. It's implied that you know something about them—otherwise you couldn't know how to go against the grain. The surprises may not always be beneficial, but I find that I need to give to others a sharp kick in their head's ass."

Epic of Narcissism. One reason—perhaps the main reason—why Samaras has been such an upsetting presence in New York is that his privacy alternates with moments of obsessive, and for some people embarrassing self-display. Thus in 1964 he took the whole contents of the room he had occupied in his parents' house and exhibited them at the Green Gallery ("In my mind I was giving myself the honor of making my living space as important as anything else, before posterity had the chance to do it or not do it"), giving his mess the dignity of a historical style, like a period room at the Metropolitan. Part of his Whitney retrospective is devoted to *Autophotographs*—Polaroid snapshots Samaras made of his own body. Bizarre, candid and mostly unreplicable (by now, Samaras must have the most lavishly documented penis in Western art), they constitute a veritable epic of narcissism. "I could turn up or tone down emotion. I could move a little to the left or shift this and that and be my own critic, my own exciter, my own director, my own audience."

A closed system indeed: the hope of Samaras' work is to be self-fertilizing, like the mythical hermaphrodite. Everything in it returns, sooner or later, upon the self. The body becomes an artifact and in turn generates more ground on which art can claim a similarity to organism.

It seems only fitting that Samaras, whose every work alludes in some way or another to his body—by photography and metaphor, by testing it with textures and pains and memory—should have made a narcissist's mausoleum in the form of his *Mirror Room*: a twelve-foot cube lined with reflecting surfaces, an endless labyrinth in three dimensions. One imagines the artist at home in it, lying perfectly at ease on the crystal floor, his image multiplied to a gratifying infinity.

■ Robert Hughes



LUCAS SAMARAS & WIRE BOX
From an ironic recluse.

ject is overloaded to bursting with visual acerbity, mocking the very idea of everyday use. There is no way of using any of the *Chair Transformations* that Samaras made in 1969-70: one cannot sit on a cage of plastic flowers, or a chair of white formica which, halfway, turns into a mess of varicolored wool, or a seat with a five-inch spike rising from its exact center.

Manic as Samaras' "transformations" are, they still possess a system and a history; his subverted objects have a common ancestor in Meret Oppenheim's surrealist icon of 1936, the fur-covered cup, saucer and spoon. Yet they are not mere footnotes to Surrealism. Samaras has a way of undercutting, or predicting, his more "mainstream" contemporaries; in 1961, for instance, he laid 16 square textured tiles flat on the ground, four by four, as a sculpture. In the Whitney, it looks like a waggish parody of Carl Andre's floor pieces—until you remember Andre's sculptures were made years later.



LUCAS SAMARAS:
IMPOSSIBLE ARTIFACTS

Every material from wood to wool, from artificial flowers to broken glass, turns up in Lucas Samaras' retrospective exhibition of boxes, furniture and objects at Manhattan's Whitney Museum. Right, the menacing opulence of "Box 55," 1966; above, a strong grid covers the front of "Box 17 (Box C)," 1964; below, the domestic chair is given a series of bizarre identities in such works as, left to right, "Chair Transformation #16," "Chair Transformation #25," and "Chair Transformation #10," 1969-70.



FRANK STURTEVANT FOR THE WHITNEY MUSEUM





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MEDICINE

Kudos for Clinicians

Few awards for medical research carry the prestige of those bestowed by the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation, which normally honors two scientists each year. Last week the foundation broke with its own tradition. At a ceremony in Manhattan, it passed out kudos to 16 doctors from the U.S., Britain and Africa, all for their work in chemotherapy, drug treatment, of cancer.

One reason for selecting the 16 was ideological. Mary Lasker, the widow of the millionaire adman who established the foundation, has long urged that basic cancer research be more widely applied to clinical practice. She has also encouraged further investigative research into newer areas of cancer therapy. This year's prizes recognize scientists who have practiced the Lasker philosophy. "Too many physicians and laymen still think of treating cancer only in terms of surgery and radiation," she said. "We wished to point up the progress in treating some forms of cancer with chemicals as well."

Thus a special award of \$5,000 went to Dr. C. Gordon Zubrod, director of the division of cancer treatment at the National Cancer Institute, for leadership in creating "an effective national cancer chemotherapy program." The others went to physicians who have achieved significant results against several forms of the disease. These include:

SKIN CANCER. Dr. Edmund Klein of Roswell Park Memorial Institute in

ROBERT J. SMITH

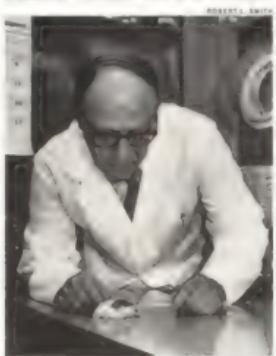


JAMES HOLLAND WITH PATIENT
Ideology was a factor.

Buffalo has succeeded, in the course of experimental work, in apparently curing up to 95% of 500 patients with superficial skin tumors. He applies anti-cancer ointments to the skin lesions. By similar means, Dr. Eugene Van Scott of Temple University in Philadelphia has produced regressions during the past four years in half of 75 patients with mycosis fungoides, a cancer that starts on the skin. The therapy proved effective when the disease was limited to the skin and when treatment was begun prior to lymph-node involvement.

GESTATIONAL CHORIOCARCINOMA. Before chemotherapy, this cancer that originates in the placentas of pregnant women killed 90% of its victims within a year. Drs. Min Chiu Li of Nassau Hospital, Mineola, N.Y., and Roy Hertz of New York Medical College, Valhalla, N.Y., have used chemotherapy to apparently cure up to 90% of patients diagnosed within four months of the onset of the disease.

BURKITT'S LYMPHOMA is a tumor originating in the lymph glands that may affect the jaw, eyes and other parts of the body; it is especially prevalent in African children. Awards were given to Dr. Denis Burkitt of Britain's Medical Research Council, who first identified



EDMUND KLEIN IN LABORATORY

the tumor, and Dr. Joseph Burchenal of Manhattan's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, who recognized its potential as a target for chemotherapy. Another recipient was Dr. John Ziegler of NCI who has achieved disease-free survival for up to ten years in 67% of more than 150 patients treated at the Uganda Cancer Institute. Dr. V. Anomah Ngu, of the Center of Health Sciences, Federal Republic of Cameroun, also has patients who have survived ten years thanks to chemotherapy.

ACUTE LYMPHATIC LEUKEMIA, a cancer of the blood-forming tissues that accounts for approximately half of all

juvenile cancer deaths, was invariably fatal before chemotherapy was introduced in 1947. Now at least 25% of all children with the disease can expect to live at least five years. Credited with this achievement were Drs. Emil Frei III of Harvard Medical School, Emil Frei of the M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute at the University of Texas, James Holland of Roswell Park and Donald Pinkel of St. Jude's Children's Research Hospital in Memphis.

HODGKIN'S DISEASE is a cancer originating in the lymphatic system. Formerly, most patients with advanced Hodgkin's disease lived less than two years. Drs. Paul Carbone and Vincent DeVita of NCI have kept 70% of their patients alive for at least five years; Frei has achieved an 80% remission rate in patients with the disease. Dr. Isaac Djerasi of Mercy Catholic Medical Center in Darby, Pa., has found ways to overcome some of the problems inherent in chemotherapy, which can produce toxic reactions, by developing a technique for transfusing platelets (clotting agents) and disease-fighting white blood cells to patients suffering from cancer.

The winners, who will each receive \$2,000, believe that the awards will bring new recognition of chemotherapy's value as a means of combating cancer. The researchers themselves may also attract wider attention in the future. In the 27 years since the Lasker Foundation began making awards, 22 of the recipients have gone on to win Nobel Prizes as well.

Capsules

► The only virtue of gonorrhea is that in men, at least, it usually produces early, painful symptoms that alert its victim. But not always. A team headed by Dr. H. Hunter Handsfield of the University of Washington told a meeting of the American Public Health Association last week that servicemen returning from Viet Nam may carry a "silent" form of the disease, one which produces no symptoms in the carrier but may flare into active disease once the infection is transmitted to a sexual partner. The team bases its warning on a study of 2,000 Viet Nam veterans, which showed that 25% of the men who had sexual contact suffered from this asymptomatic form. Therefore the Handsfield group urges that all returning servicemen be routinely screened for venereal disease. Already combatting a home-grown epidemic of VD, the last thing the U.S. needs is reinforcements from abroad.

► Most poisonous substances are marked clearly enough to alert adults as to their hazards, but these warnings frequently prove ineffective for children. Many youngsters cannot decipher the labels even if they try; some are more attracted than repelled by the traditional skull-and-crossbones caution

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MEDICINE

symbol. A new design, however, appears to get the message across. Known as Mr. Yuk, it consists of a face with an agonized expression and protruding tongue, which tell a child that the stuff he is about to consume is bad.

Mr. Yuk owes his creation to Dr. Richard Moriarty of the Poison Information Center at the Children's Hospital of Pittsburgh, who conducted tests to determine which of several designs was the least appealing to a curious child. The symbol owes its name to one of the youthful participants in Moriarty's study. Explaining why he would not pick up a bottle bearing the bilious Day-Glo green face, the child explained simply, "He looks yucky."

► Sold on television or through newspaper and magazine ads, mail-order health insurance policies that offer supplementary benefits are often cheaper than other forms of coverage, particularly for the elderly, who may otherwise be unable to get insurance. But does it conform to the same standards? Not according to COMBAT, Maine's statewide consumer-action organization. After a series of hearings on mail-order insurance, the organization reported that much of the advertising for health coverage was "unclear, deceptive and misleading." The group pointed out that policy holders and insurers frequently hold differing views as to just what constitutes a pre-existing physical condition or a convalescent period. COMBAT also found that some customers, especially the elderly, buy extra policies that do not actually increase coverage. They frequently base their decisions to buy more on the claims of show-business personalities—Art Linkletter and Radio Commentator Paul Harvey, for example—than on an understanding of the policy's terms. COMBAT urged the state to consider whether such advertising violates Maine's insurance laws—and to crack down on the ads if they are in violation.

► When an orthodontist tries to correct malformations in a child's teeth and jaw, he must attempt to figure out how these parts will change as the youngster matures. Dr. Geoffrey Walker of the University of Michigan School of Dentistry has come up with a method that promises to reduce the guesswork involved in this process. He has taken 15,000 skull-profile X rays made over a period of years and converted these pictures to coordinate maps of the skull and jaw. The result is a computer model capable of predicting how a jaw will grow. With just a single X ray of a patient, Walker says that he can project a pattern of future growth that is 70% accurate. With a second X ray taken six months later, he can increase his accuracy even further.



ENVIRONMENT

Housing Without Fear

It is an astonishing book. It explodes just about every long-accepted rule on the way we build housing projects. It shows a direct relationship between the design of a building and the amount of crime committed inside (TIME, Nov. 6). It also suggests a solution in its title: Defensible Space (Macmillan, \$8.95). The author: Oscar Newman, 37, a tall, bushy-bearded architect, director of New York University's Institute of Planning and Housing. His guidelines are being adopted by HUD, the New York State Urban Development Corp., and city housing authorities in Chicago, Philadelphia and Minneapolis. In an interview with TIME, Newman explains his theories:

The idea of defensible space first emerged back in 1964, when I was part of a team of architects and sociologists who were studying why the notorious Pruitt-Igoe public housing project in St. Louis was being torn apart by the people who lived in it. Every public area—the lobbies, the laundries, and mail rooms—was a mess, literally. There was human excrement in the halls. Except in one small area on each floor of each building. You had to go through a fire door and then you were in a little hallway separating two apartments. This little hall was spotless—you could eat off the floor. When we called out to each other in the other hallways, we could hear people bolting and chaining their doors, but in this area we heard peepholes click open. Sometimes people even opened their doors. The reason was that they felt this little hallway was an extension of their own apartments. We knew we were on to something.

In 1969 the U.S. Justice Department commissioned the N.Y.U. Institute to study crime in public housing. We had thousands of interviews with residents, managers and police-men, and we got the statistical data amassed by the New York City housing authority. Certain patterns became clear. Obviously, high crime rates were linked to social variables such as the percentage of families on welfare and the number of families without a father, but we were surprised to find that overall density of population in a project is not a critical factor. On the other hand, the design—where you put people—is crucial. Height itself is one major element. We discovered that high-rise projects, like the Rosen houses in Philadelphia and Van Dyke in New York, suffered much worse crime

rates than those in some adjacent projects, which had similar densities and social types but were built low and broken up into smaller units. The reason is that as buildings get bigger and higher, they become more and more anonymous—no defensible space. They are also full of angled corridors and blind public areas. These hidden places are where 55% of all crimes in high-rise housing projects are committed. The empty staircases required by fire regulations also provide criminals with alternative routes for flight.

Actually, the problems with huge high-rise projects start with their location in slum-clearance areas that are already centers of crime. Then architects

All the major physical flaws in the design of public housing can be fixed. Projects must be open to view from the outside. Cars should be allowed through them. Jane Jacobs was right when she wrote in *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* that the presence of casual onlookers provides safety, but she did not go far enough. Along with increased surveillance, there must come a feeling of territoriality—a sense of pride and responsibility for specific areas of the project. When that happens, people start looking after each other's safety and their project as well. Proof? We have found that when you get more than six families on a corridor in a building, they don't feel ownership, and the crime rate is likely to double on that corridor. If you change the layout of the same building so that only six families share the hall—you might have to move

CONTRASTING RATES OF VIOLENCE IN PHILADELPHIA'S ROSEN PROJECT



ARCHITECT'S VISION OF PRUITT-IGOE GALLERY...



...ACTUALLY BECAME A VANDALIZED SLUM

make things worse. When they plan a new project, they usually design tall buildings with front doors that open onto interior recreation grounds. Often, they lay out whole superblocks with no streets through the middle of the project. It's stylish, elegant, and just what Le Corbusier taught. But it doesn't work. People on the neighboring streets neither see into the project nor travel through it. Criminals can prowl around without anyone paying any attention. Nobody asks 'What are you doing here?' In richer areas, middle-income families can afford to pay for doormen and superintendents to guard their high-rise buildings, but the poor cannot.

elevators—the crime rate will drop sharply.

Even less drastic changes can help. We've been granted \$2,000,000 by the U.S. Housing and Urban Development Department to modify four existing public housing projects in New York City. By adding simple amenities—fences, play equipment, benches, better lighting facilities—we can definitely make people feel the project is theirs. After we did this in the Clason Point project in The Bronx, the crime rate dropped to one third of what it was before we went to work.

Besides suggesting ways to increase surveillance and territoriality, we tell

ENVIRONMENT

officials that new public housing projects should be built in middle-income areas, and they should be kept small (500 units) and low (under seven stories). Ask the poor themselves what kind of housing they want. They'll describe what look like middle-class row houses or suburban bungalows. To an architect, that's pure kitsch, but the poor are right in what they want.

Our work is not going to turn American cities into utopias, but it should help to make them safer places. In these fear-ridden times, that's incredibly important.

Saving the Seas

The oceans that cover two-thirds of the earth's surface are its biggest dump. The theory has always been that the seas could absorb any amount of filth and sewage, but leading scientists have repeatedly warned that the waters' capacity to purify lethal industrial wastes is limited and that poisons entering the marine food cycle become concentrated in fish.

Last week representatives of 91 nations, including all the major maritime powers, heeded those warnings and wrote a new chapter in the law of the sea. After 15 days of often bitter debate, delegates signed an agreement to forbid the dumping of highly toxic substances into the open seas. The new convention, which must still be ratified by individual governments, bans the dumping of a "black list" of horrors, including high-level radioactive wastes, biological- and chemical-warfare agents, long-lived pesticides, mercury and heavy-grade oils. Less dangerous substances—nickel, zinc, and silicon compounds—are put on a "gray list" and can be dumped only with the official permission of national governments.

Russell Train, chairman of the U.S. Council on Environmental Quality, describes the agreement as "a historic step toward the control of global pollution." But it is only a first step. For one thing, the convention does not mention rivers, which carry immense amounts of dangerous wastes into the oceans. For another, the pact depends on international cooperation rather than strict enforcement of clear standards. Each nation is called on merely to "take all practical steps" to prevent ocean dumping, including setting its own penalties for violators. In an "emergency," moreover, a nation can ignore the bans after consulting with other countries on how to minimize the pollutants' effects.

What will happen to the dangerous wastes now that they must be kept on land? Some, like nerve gas and toxic chemicals, can be burned in special furnaces. Others, like radioactive ashes, must be stored for centuries. But as expensive and troublesome as such disposal methods may be, they are preferable to poisoning the oceans, the last and richest frontier left on earth.

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CINEMA

Hoedown in Vienna

THE GREAT WALTZ
Directed by ANDREW L. STONE
Screenplay by ANDREW L. STONE

In Mel Brooks' delirious comedy *The Producers*, two shysters raise far more backing than necessary, then mount the worst musical play they can find, hoping to ascend after a disastrous opening (and closing) night with their pockets full of unspent production money. For their sure-fire disaster, they chose a project called *Springtime for Hitler*. Had the script of *The Great Waltz* been available, it might have served just as well.

"This is a factual portrayal," the



Horst Buchholz in "WALTZ"

Fame in a trice.

opening credits claim "concerning the life of Johann Strauss Jr.—of the conflict with his father; his struggles; his triumphs." Aside from the fulsome ness of the introductory language, there does not seem to be much opportunity for comedy here. But wait.

Waltz begins with a singing narration stating that we are about to glimpse Johann Sr., "founder of the house of Strauss." Lyricists Robert Craig Wright and George Forrest make great capital of this rhyme, employing it later when Johann Jr. is touring over his operetta and the narrator boasts in his brazen tenor: "In 43 days Inside this house Johann Strauss Composed *Die Fledermaus*."

Junior (Horst Buchholz) is a callow youth whose mother (Yvonne Mitchell) is fiercely ambitious for him. She indignantly accosts her estranged husband (Nigel Patrick) one evening

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CINEMA

while he is conducting ("Johann, I must talk to you"), and despite his protestations ("What—in the middle of a waltz?") demands he pay more attention to Junior who blanches in the background. When Papa proves uncooperative, Mother arranges her son's debut herself. "How quickly can you get together an orchestra?" she asks Junior, who assembles 15 pieces in a trice and becomes the toast of Vienna almost as fast.

Fame introduces Strauss to the celebrated ("I admire your versatility, Offenbach") and the notorious, in the person of Jetty Treffz (Mary Costa), described by Johann's sister-in-law as "the woman who has been scandalizing Vienna." They marry, and Mother's resistance is quieted when she learns that Jetty is not a common gold-digger after all. There is some nastiness about Jetty's illegitimate son and Johann's trifling with coarse café singers. All comes right at the end, however, to the strains of *The Blue Danube* and the assurance of a subtitle that "the house of Strauss lives on." A rather dubious prophecy on the basis of this film.

▪ Jay Cocks

Futile Flight

ESCAPE TO THE SUN

Directed by MENAHEM GOLAN
Screenplay by MENAHEM GOLAN
and JOSEPH GROSS

Anxious to escape prejudice and persecution in Soviet Russia, a small group of Jews plots to hijack an airliner and fly to freedom. It is a story of particular contemporary urgency. Director Golan displays the ability to separate it from all its political complexities and moral imperatives, and reduce it to clichés that everyone will understand.

Laurence Harvey, who once played the Manchurian candidate, appears here as a Moscow commissar, sporting the kind of heavy leather trench coat that suggests Slavic villainy the way a black stetson in a western signals evil. He takes special delight in torturing Jews. After inflicting one especially impassioned beating, Harvey makes his way out of the traditionally dank subterranean cell as an awestruck underling inquires, "What now? Are you going back to the office?"

The victims of Harvey's dedication are portrayed by an ill-assorted crew of international actors (Josephine Chaplin, John Ireland, Lila Kedrova, Jack Hawkins, Yuda Barkai) who give the collective impression of a Berlin class on a field trip. Harvey inevitably tracks them all down and brings them to injustice. Since the film opens with their trial and sentencing, this fate will surprise no one. They accept their punishment with dignity, although audiences may be forgiven for not receiving theirs in quite the same spirit.

▪ J.C.

If this were an ordinary
gin, we would have put
it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray

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THE THEATER

Cutting Session

THE TOOTH OF CRIME
by SAM SHEPARD

Sam Shepard is a tantalizing playwright. At 28 he has had a dozen or so plays produced. Each has a beat rather than a shape. What is fiercely staccato, and possibly feverishly sick in contemporary U.S. life, holds an undeniable fascination for him.

He is quite good at isolating pocks and spasms and rumbles of life that the "straight" American uneasily feels are going on behind his back, or under his feet, or over his head. Shepard is a sensitive monitor of what might be called the Cross-Over Culture, the place and time where private black lingo, black clothing fashions, black drugs and violence, and black music become part of some whites' life-styles. This is osmotic rather than overt, something in the mood and tempo of his work, and not in the presence of any black characters in his plays. Nor is it his only concern. Fast cars, mechanical gadgetry, chrome and plastic values festoon his works and form a symbolic veneer under which, he seems to be saying, older American ideals are shriveling.

The Code. Understanding Shepard's continuing theme is a necessity if the playgoer is to glean what the author's latest play, *The Tooth of Crime*, is basically about. Currently having its U.S. premiere at the McWhirter Theater in Princeton, N.J., it features a hero named Hoss (Frank Langella), who is a rock star. He is also a kind of robber baron of the Western freeways. He is a "marker" who scores "kills" and controls cities as fiefs. Hoss also works within a system, never deviating from "the Code." His territory is allotted to him by unseen "keepers" who seem to be a cross between Mafia godfathers and Soviet commissars. Hoss has his entourage: a doctor (John Scanlan) who gives him heroin for lifts, and a girl (Gloria Maddox) who exists merely to verify that Hoss is on top.

But Hoss is shivering inside his black leather. Unbound by the system or the code, "gypsy" mavericks are working the territory. In Act II, Hoss is challenged by a gypsy named Crow (Mark Metcalf). They engage in a sacrificial stomping dance entangled in electric cords and thrust microphones. It is part musical cutting session, part machine-gun duel of far-out words, and it is as chillingly old as a tribal rite in which the young warrior snatches control from the aging patriarch. The language varies between wild incomprehensibility and allusive symbolism. Crow, for instance, calls Hoss, "Feathers," meaning horse feathers, but also meaning that Hoss is chicken. Everyone should be provided with a text before



FRANK LANGESELLA IN "CRIME"
Baron of the freeways.

they enter the playhouse. If the words are often unclear, their intent is not. This is language as an instrument of murder, of a primordial bloodlust deep in man's loins. Pacifists of the world, take fright.

• T.E. Kalem

Kook in a Candy Store

THE SECRET AFFAIRS OF MILDRED WILD
by PAUL ZINDEL

The role of the kook in American drama is rather like that of the circus freak. He or she represents nature gone awry, a creature of bizarre habits, obsessive appetites, crazy compulsions. The kook has no claim on our common humanity unless he can be made endearing in some way as, for example, Elwood P. Dowd was through his affection for his invisible companion, the 6-ft. rabbit, Harvey.

The kook should not be confused with the person who has become strange through violations of the heart or the cruelty of others, the kind of being warped by fate that we find compassionately rendered in the plays of Tennessee Williams. In *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds* and to a lesser extent in *And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little*, Paul Zindel aroused the hope that he might be a playwright in the Williams mode, one who could cast a kindly light in the dark corners of twisted souls. That is precisely the hope dashed by his latest play, *The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild*. Here he is simply huckstering kookdom for cheap laughs, and not producing many of them at that.

The heroine of the title (Maureen

Stapleton) is a movie freak. Not only has she seen 3,000 movies, but the walls of the back room of a Greenwich Village candy store in which she lives are lined with 40 years' worth of movie mags. The room is also burdened with her diabetic husband Roy (Lee Wallace), who has a self-destructive mania for candy bars. To assume that the plot does not exist is merely to follow the playwright's lead, but it is more difficult to avoid Mildred's fantasy encounters with Shirley Temple, Gene Kelly and King Kong. These are as cute as quicksand and replete with campy posturing. Maureen Stapleton tries to enliven these proceedings with her patented brand of chicken-coop hysteria, which is itself fast becoming a theatrical hazard.

• T.E.K.

Day of Wild Wind

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA
by EUGENE O'NEILL

Sometimes Eugene O'Neill seems like the Ancient Mariner of drama. He holds us with his glittering eye. He haunts us with his banal tongue and his repetitive nightmare about the cursed albatross that haunts his fevered imagination: his family, the restive dead. His soap-opera prose alone ought to chloroform any ghost. But somehow O'Neill slings the albatross round our necks and makes us grieve and attend to his tale of fearful woe.

Mourning Becomes Electra is like a day of wild wind and rain that finally reduces everyone and everything to a sodden, nerveless pulp. O'Neill transposed the *Orestes*—the legend of the doomed Greek house of Atreus—to post-Civil War New England and laced it with Freudianism. O'Neill never achieves the catharsis of pity and terror, only the strangulated sob of a guilty Christian conscience: "I believed in heaven. Now I know there is only hell."

The particular hell is this: while Ezra Mannon (Agamemnon) is away at war, his wife Christine (Clytemnestra) takes a lover, Adam Brant (Aegisthus). Daughter Lavinia (Electra) adores her father, hates her mother and is smitten with Adam. Ezra's return results in homicide and suicide. When the killing ends, Lavinia locks herself in the ancestral mansion to placate the ghosts of her forebears in solitary, lifelong penance.

The lurid, lacerating story intimidates the cast, with the exception of Colleen Dewhurst as Christine. She has the sensual passion and bitter force of the Greek original. As Lavinia, Pamela Payton-Wright lacks the stiletto malice of Greek vengeance but remains a young actress to watch carefully. With this revival, Director Theodore Mann and his partner Paul Libin consecrate a handsome new mid-Manhattan playhouse, the Circle in the Square-Joseph E. Levine Theater. They merit an A+ for enterprise and a question mark for good judgment.

• T.E.K.

STOCK MARKET

Cracking a Magic Barrier

In the past seven years, the 1000 mark on the Dow Jones industrial average has become a kind of mystical barrier in the minds of investors. The market's most closely watched barometer began flirting with 1000 as early as January 1966, but it always fell back without closing above that figure—to the chagrin of Wall Streeters who hoped that a widely ballyhooed breakthrough would give a big boost to public confidence in the market and usher in a new era of prosperity for the securities business. Last week, however, the Dow finally crashed through. On Tuesday it closed at 1003; later it wobbled back below 1000 but came back to close the week at a record high of nearly 1006.

The elusive goal was reached at the climax of a surge that has lifted the index more than 80 points in a month. The drive has been propelled by unusually powerful forces: the hope of peace in Viet Nam, a strengthening economy, soaring corporate profits, diminishing inflation. President Nixon's landslide victory provided the decisive impetus. The final push began immediately after the election, and it hoisted prices on a broad range of stocks, from old reliables like A T & T to such solid glamour issues as IBM.

Now that the breakthrough has been achieved, though, what does it really mean? In direct terms, not much for the general economy. A rising market tends to make people feel richer, and thus the publicity attending the breaching of 1000 might possibly prompt some additional consumer buying. John W. Corcoran, chief economist of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, a Manhattan investment house, also notes that higher stock prices make it easier for businessmen to raise money by sell-

ing new shares or borrowing. At most, however, these are indirect effects.

The Dow's breakthrough above 1000, says Economist J. Kenneth Galbraith, "will encourage the susceptible, but mostly it was useful to people who needed an excuse to get drunk." Nobel Prizewinner Paul Samuelson views the feat as "a belated recognition of what has been happening to the rate of growth of the economy." The main question, he believes, is why the index took so long to break 1000.

One answer is that the Dow Jones industrials present a somewhat distorted view of the market. The average is composed of only 30 stocks, and though they do represent about one-fourth of the value of all shares traded on the New York Stock Exchange, they are mostly rather staid blue chips. Partly because the Dow does not include faster-moving computer, electronic, photography and drug issues, it has been late in mirroring the market's true strength. More representative, broadly based market gauges like the New York Exchange reached record highs earlier.

Still, the Dow is the oldest (88 years), most easily grasped and most widely reported stock average, and as such it is synonymous with "the market" in the minds of many investors. Now that it has cracked the 1000 barrier, brokers hope that small investors who have largely fled the market since the 1970 debacle will return and give a needed lift to securities houses that have been struggling through a generally low-profit year. Says Mutual Fund Manager Fred Alger: "That the Dow went through 1000 is front-page news in every paper in the country, and that will get investors out of the woodwork." Some of Wall Street's more effusive

bulls are already predicting that within a year to 18 months, the market will have entered a golden age of trading volume reaching 40 million shares daily on the Big Board and a Dow Jones average hovering around 1200. Such euphoric talk has been heard before and proved wrong—but the breaking of 1000 at least removes one psychological barrier to having the dream come true.

EAST-WEST TRADE

The Pepsi Generation

Amid all the grain deals, gas deals and technology sales shaping up between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, two gaps have existed in trade relations: the Soviets have not bought any widely distributed U.S. consumer goods, nor has any American product been manufactured in Russia. Last week both gaps were filled—and of all the products the Soviets could have chosen, they decided to ask for "Pepsi, please." Sovyuzphodimport, a Soviet foreign trade corporation, and PepsiCo Chairman Donald M. Kendall reached an agreement giving Pepsi exclusive rights to market cola beverages to be bottled in Russia. The No. 2 U.S. soft drink will thus become the first bit of everyday Americana available to consumers in the Soviet Union.

The PepsiCo deal involves hard as well as soft drinks. The company will import a whole bar shelf of Soviet liquors, including vodka, brandy, cordials and wine, which will be marketed by Monsieur Henri Wines Ltd., a PepsiCo division. Under an ingenious sales-incentive plan, the quantity of Pepsi allowed in Russia will be tied directly to the sale of Soviet potatoes to Americans. In effect, sharp Soviet traders found a way to get an aggressive American firm to push their liquor hard. PepsiCo officials are also pleased, since U.S. products have high prestige





CHAIRMAN DONALD M. KENDALL
Selling colo to Kosygin.

in Russia and sell almost instantly. Kendall got the idea of expanding to Russia from the late Llewellyn Thompson Jr., longtime (1957-67, 1967-69) U.S. Ambassador to Moscow. After making preliminary inquiries at the Soviet embassy in Washington, he put the question directly to Premier Aleksei Kosygin during a high-level trade meeting in Moscow last December. In the middle of their conversation, then-Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans strode up and cracked to Kosygin: "What's Kendall trying to do, sell you a Pepsi?" That was precisely what Kendall was doing, and with swift success: that very evening Kosygin approved the outlines of last week's deal. It was not the first time that Kendall had scored by going to the top of the Soviet hierarchy. In 1959, Kendall set his corporate star rising by persuading Nikita Khrushchev to down a Pepsi to shake the thirst he had worked up during a "kitchen debate" with Richard Nixon at a U.S. exposition in Moscow.

PepsiCo technicians will oversee the remodeling of a Soviet bottling plant capable of turning out some 3,000,000 cases of the beverage annually. As with Pepsi's bottling affiliates throughout the world, including several in Eastern Europe, the Soviet plant will use concentrate produced in the U.S. but will be owned locally. Kendall claims that the Soviets will allow some advertising—a form of expression almost never used in Russia for competitive advantage.

Kendall should have no trouble developing a Pepsi generation in the Soviet Union. Russians already are copious gulpers of sweetened, carbonated fruit waters (common flavors: apple and cherry). In addition, they like a thirst quencher called kvass, which is made from dark bread and has about the same color as Pepsi—but tastes nothing like it at all. Aside from whatever profits PepsiCo makes on the deal, it may carry one other happy benefit. The droves of U.S. businessmen going to Moscow may be able to sip something during their negotiations other than the ever-present mineral water.

New Iceberg 10 Low 'tar' menthol

New Iceberg 10 with the advanced Delta Design filter. Delivers full, fresh menthol flavor...with only 10 mg. "tar."



Only 10 mg. 'tar.'

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method

American Wine Comes of Age

RISING starkly from the dusty fields of California's San Joaquin Valley are 100 huge metal cylinders that look like an array of petrochemical tanks. Alongside them are rows of mostly windowless industrial buildings that sprawl over an area as large as six city blocks. This symbol of technological power is not a pulsing refinery; it is the E. & J. Gallo Winery in Modesto, Calif. Inside the cylinders, millions of gallons of California Burgundy, Chablis and rosé age. Inside the buildings, squads of chemists pore over their latest oenological formulations, while viticulturists experiment with ways to improve soil and vines. Wine—the beverage that was prescribed as a medicine by Hippocrates

the year is traditionally Thanksgiving.

Wine clubs and college wine courses are multiplying as fast as yeast on freshly crushed grapes. Wine tastings are taking their place alongside cocktail parties in the repertory of folkways. Wine books—as many as 50 new ones this year—are flowing from the presses. At least a quarter of a million American homes have wine vats bubbling quietly in closets or basements. For less than \$1 a bottle, one can buy all the necessary accoutrements, including a can of grape concentrate, to make a few of the 200 gallons of wine a year that heads of households in the U.S. are allowed to produce without paying taxes. Physicians are prescribing wine to help lower

its effect, wine is drunk patently for pleasure."

The chief beneficiary of this ferment is the U.S. wine industry, the world's sixth-largest producer (behind Italy, France, the Soviet Union, Spain and Argentina). Long considered to be pale imitations of their European cousins, American wines are rapidly gaining in quality and respect. Imports continue to rise, but more than 88% of all wine sold in the U.S. is home-grown. This year 43 new wineries have been opened. Thriving vineyards have grown up in some unlikely places: Maryland, Washington, Oregon, Illinois and Georgia. New York State produces one of every eleven bottles of wine made in

EDDIE ADAMS



ROWS OF STORAGE TANKS AT THE GALLO WINERY AT MODESTO IN CALIFORNIA'S SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY. Tastings, clubs and courses rise like yeast, while vats bubble quietly in the closet.

and celebrated in poem or aphorism by Euripides, Shakespeare and Thomas Jefferson—has become a modern, fast-growing, competitive industry.

Americans will spend close to \$2 billion on wine this year, twice as much as in 1968. The growth in wine consumption is outpacing that of hard liquor and beer, though Americans will spend ten times as much on those beverages combined as on wine. This year a U.S. adult will drink an average 2.4 gallons of wine; that is still quite a few sips behind such iron-livered veterans as the French (29 gallons) or the Italians (30 gallons), meaning that the U.S. industry still has plenty of room to grow. Last year alone, retail wine sales rose 59% in Wisconsin, 65% in Vermont and 98% in Rhode Island. Young people have become particularly avid imbibers. On campuses, wines are considered the best accompaniment to informal meals and exotic smokes. Consumption will reach an alltime peak this week because the biggest wine-drinking day of

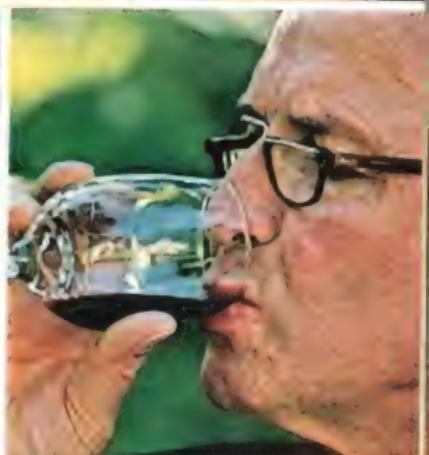
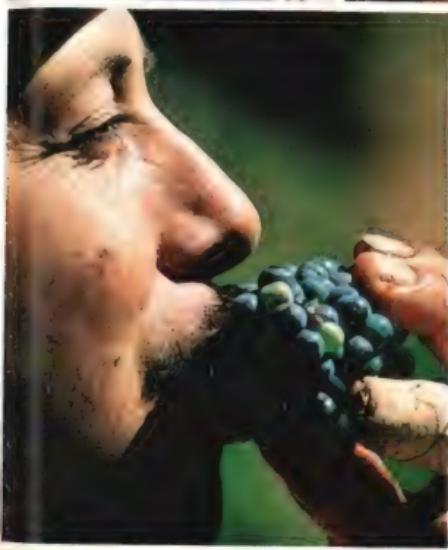
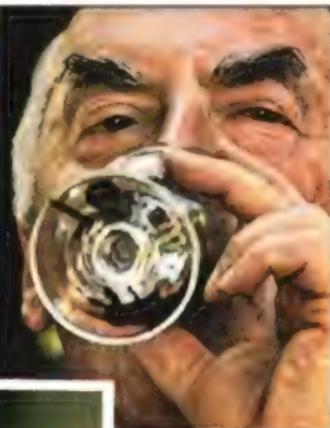
blood cholesterol, ease glaucoma and lessen nervous tension. Some doctors are recommending wine in weight-reducing diets. A 4-oz. glass of red, white or rosé wine contains just under 100 calories. As St. Paul advised Timothy: "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

The wine boom is evidence of a growing ease and worldliness in American life-styles, as foreign travel and rising affluence open new horizons of taste. Says Philip Seldon, editor of *Vintage*, a highly successful new wine magazine: "I think America is coming of age. We are becoming conscious of our sense of taste. Perhaps we are becoming more European. We are discovering that there is nothing wrong with self-satisfaction." Hugh Johnson, a British writer who belongs to that newly prominent group of taste arbiters, the professional wine critics, takes a less cosmic view: "Wine needs no apology. It is one of the good things of life. While hard liquor is drunk for

the U.S. The state's sizable producers—Taylor, Canandaigua, Gold Seal and Widmer—are having record sales. For years, only native East Coast grapes could survive the harsh winters, but some smaller New York wineries, notably *Vinifera* and *Bully Hill*, are concentrating on wines made from hybrids of American and European grapes.

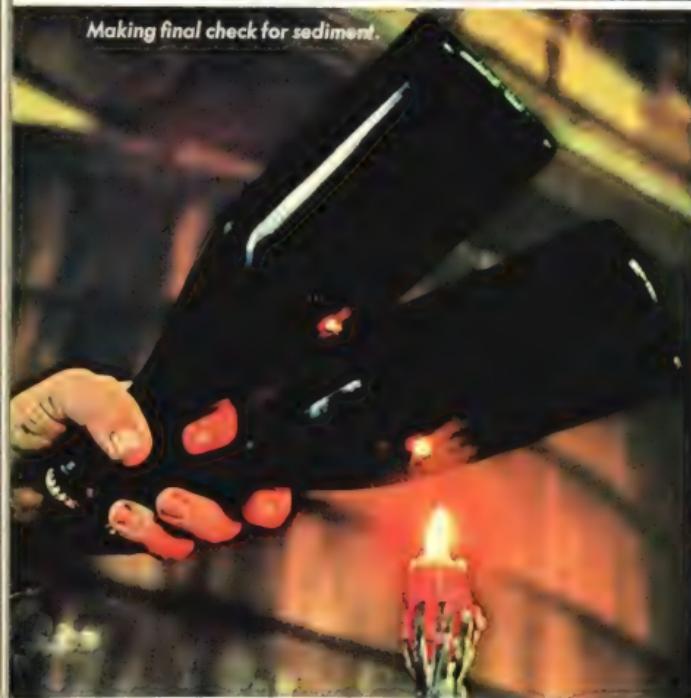
But the U.S. wine business is still dominated by a single state: California.

California winemakers sampling Cabernet Sauvignon during a tasting at the Buena Vista vineyard. (top, left to right) Beaulieu's Vice President Andre Tchelistcheff; Paul Masson's Chairman Otto Meyer and Robert Mondavi's President Bob Mondavi; a vineyard worker; *Tiburon's* Chairman Rodney D. Strong and Louis M. Martini's General Manager Louis Martini; (bottom) Mirossou's Co-owner Daniel Mirossou and Christian Brothers' Cellar Master Brother Timothy.





Sprinklers irrigate young vines in Sonoma County, Calif.



Making final check for sediment.

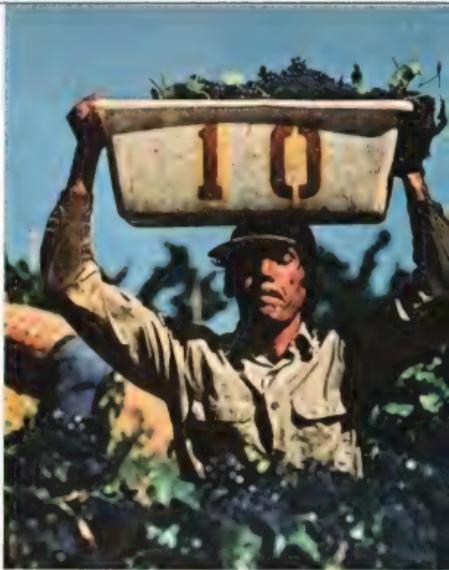
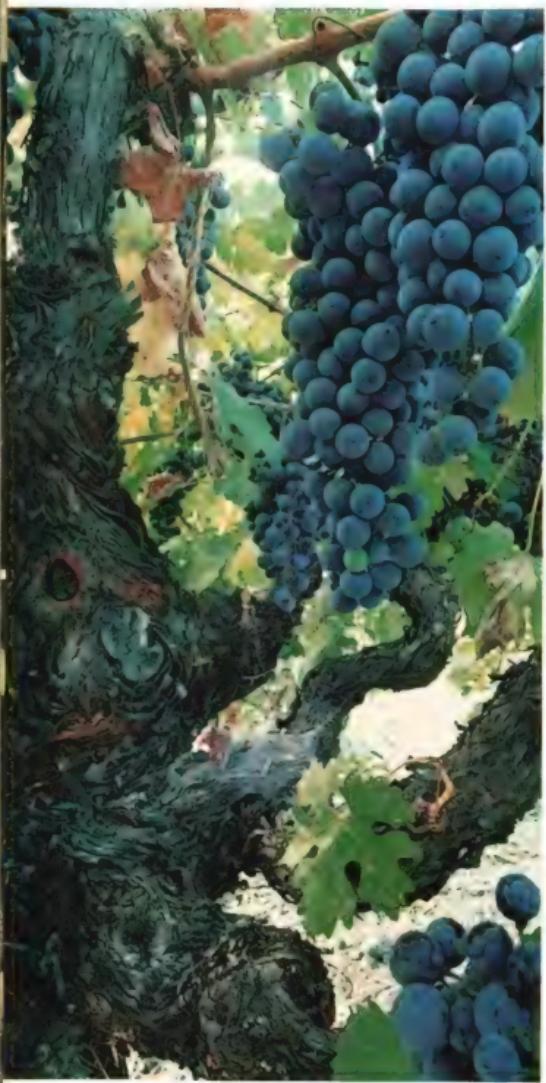




Removing frozen sediment from champagne.

Sherry undergoing fermentation is seen through glass top of oak cask.





Above: Inglenook's cabernet sauvignon grapes age on 30-year-old vine. Top right: Harvester leaves Winery Lake vineyard with about 60 pounds of pinot noir grapes, collecting 80¢ a bucket. Right: At Robert Mondavi, chemist takes monthly sample to test whether contents are ready for bottling.

Its 267 wineries produce 85% of the wine made in the U.S., and Californians individually drink about twice as much wine as other Americans. Grapes represent the Golden State's largest cash crop; in the past four years of heavy demand and rising labor costs, prices for premium Cabernet Sauvignon grapes have jumped from \$305 a ton to about \$1,000. They will rise still higher as a result of a tight supply. Because of a spring frost and August heat-wave damage, the 1972 California grape harvest, which was completed last month, was the smallest in 30 years. Those grapes are now fermenting, and when 1972 wines reach the market next year, some may carry price tags that are as much as 20% higher. In the Napa Valley, a prime growing region north of San Francisco, almost no land is left for new vineyards; enterprising home owners are planting grapevines on front lawns.

Just as one state dominates the industry, one company towers above the rest. The Gallo Winery sold 100 million gallons last year—almost half of all California wine and nearly twice as much as its nearest competitor, United Vintners. Family owned, the Gallo company is one of the nation's largest privately held firms, and one of its most secretive. Until its top executives were interviewed by TIME Correspondent Patricia Delaney, they had avoided contact with the press for years. By best estimates, the company had revenues of \$250 million last year and reaped profits of \$35 million to \$40 million before taxes.

The men who own Gallo look, stock and wine barrel are the brothers whose names are signed on many Gallo bottles.

Paul Gallo *Julio Gallo*

Julio, 62, is in charge of making the wine, and Ernest, 63, markets it. The two are about as similar as Burgundy and vodka. Julio is warm and affable. Ernest is intense, crusty and hard-driving. "If you tell Ernest it's a nice day, he'll ask you why," says Louis Gomberg, an industry consultant.

The Gallos' impact on American wine making has been enormous. They were the nation's first wine makers to hire research chemists. Years ago they abandoned wooden fermenting casks for stainless-steel tanks, and because wood casks can breed unwanted bacteria, most of the domestic industry has followed. The Gallos were the first to automate their wineries by, among other things, computerizing the blending process. They also pioneered in pop wines—the sweet and occasionally effervescent drinks that are washing over the country. Last year, producing six of the dozens of entries on the market, Gallo accounted for 90% of the 60 million gallons of pop wines sold in the U.S.

Makers of costlier premium Cali-

fornia wines praise the Gallos for bringing new wine drinkers to the fold with their inexpensive wines, even though many drinkers damn the pop wines as an insult to cultivated taste. "Ernest Gallo has done more for the industry than any individual alive," says Joe Heitz, whose small winery turns out some of the state's most sophisticated wines. Though Gallo wines have long been something of a joke among wine snobs, lately oenophiles have been pleasantly surprised. Gallo's Pink Chablis recently triumphed over ten costlier competitors in a blind tasting among a panel of wine-industry executives in

maker, recently picked up the distributorship of F. Korbel Bros., the big California champagne producer. National Distillers & Chemical has acquired Almadén. Two months ago the parent company made an offering of Almadén stock at \$20 a share; it has since risen to \$29.

Breweries are also adding wine lines: Schlitz and Seattle's Rainier companies have moved into the wine business during the past few years. Food-processing companies are heeding the ancient Roman proverb, "A meal without wine is like a day without sunshine." Pillsbury Co., Nestlé and the R.T.



Los Angeles. Says Robert Balzer, a wine critic for *Holiday* and the *Los Angeles Times*: "Gallo Hearty Burgundy is the best wine value in the country today" (see box, page 83).

The Gallos are the last major entrepreneurs in an industry that is being taken over by large, publicly held corporations. Heublein Inc., a big distiller and food processor, has bought United Vintners (which makes Italian Swiss Colony and Inglenook) and Beaulieu Vineyards. Seagram controls Paul Masson and Browne Vintners. Brown-Forman Distillers, the Kentucky whisky

French & Co. of mustard fame have recently become vineyard owners. So have Lazard Frères, the Wall Street investment-banking firm; John Hancock, the insurer; and Southdown Inc., the Houston-based conglomerate. Take-over-ripe wineries have become rare, and the bids for them are enormous. The Gallo brothers have spurned an offer from Seagrams of reportedly \$150 to \$200 million.

Many individuals have been drawn into the fields because they savor living close to the soil while creating a product of pleasure. Jack Davies left his job

BUSINESS

as vice president of a Los Angeles metals company in 1965 in order to try reviving a then defunct champagne cellar. His Schramsberg champagne is now acknowledged to be the best produced in the nation, and last February President Nixon brought 14 cases to Peking to toast Chou En-lai. Russell Green abandoned his post as president of Signal Oil Co. to take over the Simi winery. Today it is one of the many small wineries that tend to make some of the most interesting of the California premium wines. Donn Chappellet cracked his job as president of a lucrative food-vending firm in Los Angeles in order to work on 320 acres of vineyards. He is producing about 6,000 cases but does not expect to reach the break-even point

wines. In the evenings he and his frequent guests dine royally; one recent meal was wild boar served with a 15-year-old California wine. Yet at 5:30 a.m., Sebastiani breakfasts in simple style with workers at a roadside inn, pausing on a drive to the vineyard. "All day long I drive around in a pickup truck and wear overalls, but I've got a reason for living that the guys who try to buy me out just don't understand," he says. "I could make more money elsewhere, but I would always come back to wine."

European Kinship. Yet there is undoubtedly gold in grapes, and not just for the wine manufacturers or retailers. Expecting that wine prices will continue to rise, more and more ordinary consumers are buying and storing wine. A select California Cabernet Sauvignon worth \$3.25 in 1966 now commands about \$6. Major wine merchants will accept orders for future delivery of just about any premium wine that has a long bottle life. U.S. citizens technically cannot sell their wine hoardings publicly without a retailer's license, but they can sell them privately to friends or back to retailers.

Wine is hardly a new phenomenon in the U.S. The Spanish missionaries who brought European civilization to the New World also brought European grapes. Before the U.S. was a nation, Franciscan Padre Junipero Serra, founder of nine Spanish missions in California, was making wine in San Diego. After the Gold Rush in 1849, a Hungarian adventurer named Agoston Haraszthy brought 200,000 premium European grapevines to California. In the 1880s, an epidemic of the root disease, phylloxera, wiped out nearly all of Europe's vineyards. Thousands of American rootstocks, with their phylloxera-resistant native roots, were shipped over to Europe. Thus most European wine is made from transplanted U.S. vines, and California wine is made from vines that originated in Europe—a kinship that Californians never tire of pointing out to Francophile wine snobs.

California had its own cataclysm in the 1920s: Prohibition. Many of Haraszthy's precious vines were ripped up. By the time of repeal in 1933, only a handful of vintners were left, turning out spirits supposedly for sacramental or pharmaceutical purposes. Against this dismal backdrop, Ernest and Julio Gallo entered the business.

Born near Modesto, the brothers grew up working the small vineyard owned by their father, an immigrant from Italy's northern Piedmont. "We had a tractor in the barn, but we didn't have enough money to buy gas," recalls Ernest. "Instead, we used four miles and worked the vineyards seven days a

week from daylight to dusk." With the first stirrings of repeal, they dug up \$5,900.23 in capital and set out to produce their own wine. They rented a railroad shed for \$60 a month, bought a \$2,000 grape crusher and redwood tanks on 90- to 180-day terms.

There was one nettlesome problem: though they had plenty of experience growing grapes, they did not know how to make wine. In the Modesto public library, Ernest found a pair of two-page pamphlets, one on fermentation and the other on the care of wine. Thus enlightened, he made the rounds of local grape growers and soon had enough grapes to make all the wine that the tanks could hold—but no customers for it. A few days before Prohibition ended, the brothers received a formal letter from a would-be wine distributor in Chicago. Ernest Gallo immediately hopped a plane for Chicago and sold the distributor 6,000 gallons at \$6 each. Emboldened, he continued East and found enough customers to take his entire production. The Gallos' first-year profit was \$34,000, all of which was plowed back into the company.

The brothers prospered steadily but were small-time wine makers until 1940, when they acquired bottlers in Los Angeles and New Orleans and attempted nationwide marketing for their early sherries and muscats. They recruited their own salesmen and instructed them to see that their product gained a prominent position on liquor-store shelves. The salesmen's zeal gave the company a reputation for ruthlessness. Some oldtimers say that teams of Gallo men would stride into a store and tough-talk the proprietor into keeping competitors' wine on less visible shelves. Others insist that Gallo salesmen merely used economic incentives, such as offering a month's free supply if Gallo wine were given good display.

Sun Screen. The Gallos have a talent for sensing consumer trends and being first with new products, as they were with pop wines. Now that growth is leveling off in the pop field, the Gallos appear to be shifting their promotional efforts to more conventional wines—Chablis Blanc, Pink Chablis, Burgundy and Hearty Burgundy.

Another element of the Gallos' success is technology. Their staff of 25 graduate oenologists is the nation's largest. Automation has cut production costs to the stalk. Gallo Hearty Burgundy, for instance, is made from more expensive grapes than a number of comparable competing Burgundies, but mass production helps keep the price about the same. The Gallos have the industry's first winery-owned bottlemaking plant, producing up to 1,500,000 bottles a day—all tinted in shades of green created by Gallo researchers to screen harmful ultraviolet rays. Though the Gallos' oenologists have developed a number of new grape varieties, the company owns only 10,000 of the 75,000 acres of vineyards that it

SETH DOHERTY—CAMERA 5

VINOS PICNIC IN MANHATTAN'S CENTRAL PARK
Also advice from St. Paul.

until he sells at least 10,000 cases. Rod Strong left Broadway, where he was a choreographer, and became the owner of a Windsor vineyard. Last year his Tiburon Vintners grossed \$3,500,000. One of Strong's most successful innovations was mail-order marketing of gift wines with personalized labels. Some of the best California wines—Heitz, Ridge, Hanzell, Oakville—are in such short supply that they cannot be bought by out-of-state unless they place a special order well in advance and take delivery at a local liquor store.

The wine makers lead a hard but hearty life, alternating between fields and office and frequent trips abroad to see what the foreign competition is doing. August Sebastiani's life-style is typical. He has a collection of rare birds, and his house is packed with many fine

draws upon. The bulk of the grapes are supplied by growers throughout the state under long-term contracts. Much to their credit, the Gallos have persuaded growers to upgrade their crops, notably by planting such high-quality grapes as Chenin Blanc or Barbera instead of lower varieties like Mission or Thompson Seedless.

Unlike nearly every other California winery, Gallo officially discourages visitors. This secretive, all-business tone is set by Ernest Gallo. He often spends his Sundays inspecting the vineyards and his vacations checking up on retailers. In a Texas town four years ago,

a policeman became suspicious of a stern-faced man who was intently surveying a liquor shop after closing hours; anticipating a burglary attempt, the cop stopped the man for questioning. The suspect protested: "But I'm Ernest Gallo." Replied the cop: "Yeah, and I'm Lyndon B. Johnson." In business transactions, Gallo's way is the only way—or no deal. Southdown Corp. Chairman D. Doyle Mize recently negotiated with Gallo about selling him some grapes. A few days later, Mize recalls, Gallo walked into his office and said, "Here's the contract. Here's a pen. Don't waste my time with any lawyers."

Both Gallos live quietly in houses on the Modesto vineyard. They arrive at the office at precisely 8 a.m., spend the day in frequent communication with each other, and knock off at 7 p.m. When the Gallos entertain, usually for visiting company executives, they serve only their own wines—a white, a pink, a red and a champagne. Says Ernest: "Only when Mrs. Gallo and I are at home alone, which is not very frequently, will I drink my competitors' wines in order to follow their progress." Ernest and Julio are both at the age when many men retire, but they have given little indication of designation.

TIME's Board of Oenologists

Showdown in the Battle of the Bottles

IN wines as in art, taste is largely a matter of taste: one person's wine may be another's vinegar. Yet there are at least some widely accepted standards of excellence. To help determine the relative merits of some select wines, TIME's editors gathered connoisseurs of food, drink and other good things in life for a battle of the bottles. The TIME Board of Oenologists met in Manhattan for a comparative tasting of 16 wines—four from France and twelve from California. The board members:

FRANK SCHOONMAKER, dealer in imported wines, author (*Encyclopedia of Wine*, *The Wines of Germany*), and consultant to Almadén Vineyards, Inc.

DANNY KAYE, entertainer, oenophilist and gourmet cook.

JAMES BEARD, syndicated newspaper food columnist and author of *The James Beard Cookbook*, *James Beard's American Cookery*, *Cook It Outdoors* and *Menus for Entertaining*.

GAIL GREENE, restaurant critic for *New York* magazine and author of *Bite*, a guide to dining out.

ALEXIS LICHINE, author of *Wines of France*, *Encyclopedia of Wines & Spirits*.

its and owner of the Château Prieuré-Lichine vineyard in Bordeaux.

MORTENSE CALISHER, novelist (*The New Yorkers*, *Standard Dreaming*), autobiographer (*Herself*), and wine lover.

SAM AARON, president of Manhattan's big wine importing and retailing firm of Sherry-Lehmann, Inc., and consultant for the Time-Life book, *Wines and Spirits*.

ROBERT BALZER, food and beverage editor of *Holiday*, wine critic of the Los Angeles Times, editor of a private gour-

FIRST TEST: French v. California

| | French | French | Score | Score | |
|---|--------|---------|-------|-------|--|
| | | | Max. | Max. | |
| WHITES | | | | | |
| Ecu Royal Country White (a blend from several regions) | F | \$3.69* | 14.2 | | |
| Gallo Chablis Blanc | C | 2.45* | 12.9 | | |
| Puligny-Montrachet 1968 Burgundy | F | 3.99 | 14.1 | | |
| Beaune Pinot Chardonnay 1967 | C | 4.15 | 13.7 | | |
| REDS | | | | | |
| Louis Martini Mt. Zinfandel 1968 | C | 2.45 | 12.0 | | |
| Louis Latour Beaujolais 1970 | F | 3.28 | 10.1 | | |
| R. Mondavi Cabernet Sauvignon '69 Bordeaux | C | 4.92 | 13.1 | | |
| Chateau Lafon-Rochet 1969 | F | 4.99 | 12.1 | | |
| SECOND TEST: California only | | | | | |
| WHITES | | | | | |
| Mirassou Chenin Blanc 1970 | | \$2.95 | 14.7 | | |
| Inglewood Johannisberg Riesling 1971 | | 3.45 | 14.3 | | |
| Fremmark Abbey Pinot Chardonnay 1969 | | 8.65 | 13.4 | | |
| R. Mondavi Chardonnay 1969 | | 4.92 | 12.3 | | |
| REDS | | | | | |
| The Christian Brothers Gamay Noir | | 2.85 | 14.6 | | |
| Gallo Hearty Burgundy | | 1.25 | 14.4 | | |
| Beaumieu Cabernet Sauvignon 1969 | | 3.82 | 14.0 | | |
| Mirassou Petite Sirah 1969 | | 3.19 | 12.3 | | |

*Half gallon

FRANK SCHOONMAKER



DANNY KAYE



JAMES BEARD



BY RONALD L. FERGUSON

BUSINESS

ing successors. Each has two grown children; so far none has emerged as an heir apparent.

Despite the modern vintners' technical progress, wine is still basically the product of the grape and the airborne yeast that turns the $C_6H_{12}O_6$ sugar present in grape juice into C_2H_5OH alcohol. "Nature on her own can make wine," says Brother Timothy, cellar master of the Christian Brothers wineries. "Just crush some grapes into a glass and eventually wine is made. Of course, we do a little constructive babysitting." Most wine makers do little more than take some grapes, crush them, add extra yeast, put them in big vats or tanks for a couple of months and—pow!—wine. Of course, there are some variations on that general theme. The amount and quality of yeast can be manipulated to produce different degrees of fermentation. The grape skins

imum out of the grape. But we are learning fast.

California wines are getting better every year as new types of grapes are planted. In the past decade, California oenologists have developed a thousand varieties, learned how to rid the old ones of deadly viruses, and increased the per-acre yields on many kinds of grapes. California wines tend to be milder, softer, fruitier and sometimes less watery than their European counterparts. There are two basic reasons for the difference. First, California's warmer, more uniform climate produces wines with a lower acidity than their European counterparts. Because grape sugar content tends to be higher, California wines often have a higher alcohol content (up to 14%, compared with French wines' usual 12%). The second reason is that man interferes with nature more in California than in France. "There is

ARTURO SHAY

SHOPPERS PONDERING SELECTIONS IN WINE DEPARTMENT OF CHICAGO LIQUOR STORE
Competing cork to cork in quality with imports.

can be taken our part way through the process to reduce a wine's eventual tannin content. After a wine is fermented, it requires patient aging in a wood or stainless-steel cask, and sometimes in the bottle, before it is drinkable. Premium wine makers often add egg whites to help remove sediment. Gallo wines are left more or less unattended during aging, except to remove sediment by filtration. Only after they are completely aged does Julio Gallo step into one of his tasting rooms for the final taste test.

California wine men finally have products that compete cork to cork in quality with prestigious imports. Inexpensive California jug wines are of much higher quality than the *vin ordinaire* consumed prodigiously by working-class Frenchmen. The great Château wines of France outshine the New World's best, but the grape gap is closing. Says Vintner Robert Mondavi: "Compared with the best of Europe, we have a long way to go yet to get the max-

imum out of the grape. But we are learning fast.

California wines are getting better every year as new types of grapes are planted. In the past decade, California oenologists have developed a thousand varieties, learned how to rid the old ones of deadly viruses, and increased the per-acre yields on many kinds of grapes. California wines tend to be milder, softer, fruitier and sometimes less watery than their European counterparts. There are two basic reasons for the difference. First, California's warmer, more uniform climate produces wines with a lower acidity than their European counterparts. Because grape sugar content tends to be higher, California wines often have a higher alcohol content (up to 14%, compared with French wines' usual 12%). The second reason is that man interferes with nature more in California than in France. "There is

provinces, where they bombed again. Only one French retailer, Paris' prestigious Fauchon, now stocks them.

But France is taking no chances that the fast-rising California vintners will post a new American challenge. France imposes the Common Market's 25-cent-a-bottle tax on U.S. wine, and bars entry of California wines with French place names, like Burgundy or Pinot de la Loire. By contrast, U.S. tariffs on wine imports are only about 7½% a bottle, and nontariff restrictions are practically nonexistent. California lobbyists are trying to persuade the Treasury to require that imports be sold in standard American-sized wine bottles of ½ quart (25.6 oz.). European wines usually come in 24-oz. containers or, as Ernest Gallo calls them, "cheater bottles." The French complain that to adopt different bottles for the U.S. than for the rest of the world would raise costs and make French wine less competitive in the U.S. The label and bottle disputes are likely to be the focus of an international debate in next year's meeting of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

Grape Rush. The future of California wine is clouded by much more than international disputes. The far greater problem: success breeds grapes. Twice as many new wine-grape vines are being planted in California this year as last. Because of overplanting, the wine supply may catch up with demand within the next three or four years. "By 1974 the amount of Cabernet Sauvignon alone will triple," predicts Jack Welch, vice president of Christian Brothers. "Just where is all that Cabernet going to find a home?"

One possible consequence is that grape prices—and wine prices—may eventually fall to the levels of the mid-1960s. If so, some growers, winery owners and over-bullish investors will be clobbered, but consumers will benefit. Retail prices of the best California wines could be brought within the reach of more Americans. The French might even have to drop their prices in response; right now, French prices are rising so fast (Medocs and St. Emilions have tripled in the past two years) that many Americans are turning to California wines out of economic necessity. And surplus premium grapes could be bought up cheaply and blended into lower-priced wines, making America's *vin ordinaire* rather *extraordinaire*.

Whatever the outcome, it is almost inevitable that more Americans will become wine drinkers. Some converts to the grape will come seeking a change from the burning toughness of gin and bourbon. Others will move up from pop wine to drier, more complex wines. Americans seem to be shedding the nation's raw, hard-drinking past for a new, more subtle way of indulging themselves. As Thomas Jefferson said: "No nation is drunken where wine is cheap; and none sober where the dearness of wine substitutes ardent spirits as the common beverage."

A Brief Guide to California Wine

TO connoisseurs, wine is not merely a commodity but art, poetry, flowers—depending on how lyrical or sensual one chooses to be. "Wine can be likened to a living being," say Hurst Hannum and Robert S. Blumberg in *The Fine Wines of California*. "It thrives on proper care and can turn against those who mistreat it." Restaurant Reviewer Gael Greene, not completely seriously, pronounces Gallo Hearty Burgundy "as refreshing as a 17-year-old lifeguard on the Fourth of July."

In the special vocabulary of serious tasters, wines can be "acid" (tart, sour, with the bite of natural fruit acids), "astrigent" (puckery, like a cup of strong tea), or "balanced" (with just the right combination of acid, tannin and alcohol). They can be "big" (with a detectable heaviness on the tongue, not light or watery), "clean" (absent of extraneous tastes like cork or oak), "flinty" (dry and sharp), "full-bodied" (thick, robust), and "maderise" (from Madeira; turned slightly brown with age, past the prime). They can be "petillant" (slightly sparkling or effervescent), "thin" (deficient in alcohol or body, watery), or "woody" (with an overbearing taste of oak from overlong storage in the cask).

Professional oenophiles, who make, market or write about wine, are an elite of cultured globetrotters. Often foreign born or foreign educated, they jet about the world constantly, moving from one vineyard to another in search of new tastes and bouquets. Vintners treat them like pashas. Wine pros frequently interrupt their travels to get together for comparative wine tastings (during which they seldom swallow the wine, but slush it around in their mouths and spit it out; they can taste dozens of

wines at a sitting without getting high).

Professional wine critics are beginning to take California wines as seriously as the French wines that they are more accustomed to chronicling. California wines can be divided into two groups: generics and varietals. Generics are usually blends of wine made from several kinds of grapes, and are often sold in half-gallon or gallon jugs. Most generics are labeled with famous European geographical names, though the flavors can be quite different from the European. Some experts argue that the red generics (Burgundy, Chianti, claret) are slightly superior to the whites (Chablis, Rhine wine, sauterne).

Varietals are titled after the grape from which they are made. These grapes have a much smaller yield per acre than those used in generics, so varietal wines are usually more expensive: \$2.50 to \$12 a fifth. They are also more complex in taste and aroma than generics. Among the better known:

CABERNET SAUVIGNON, full-bodied dry red made from the grape that produces the best wines of Bordeaux; it is California's best wine variety.

PINOT NOIR, a medium-bodied red from the Pinot Noir grape of Burgundy, slightly lighter than most French Burgundies and Cabernet Sauvignon.

GAMAY, a red that probably originated in France's Beaujolais region; it is lighter and fruitier than a Cabernet Sauvignon or a Pinot Noir.

ZINFANDEL, a red as heavy as a Cabernet and as fruity as a Gamay; its bouquet smells faintly of raspberries.

CHARDONNAY, a dry white that resembles the whites of Burgundy.

JOHANNISBERG RIESLING, related in taste and ancestry to some of the best whites of Germany; it is light, dry and flowery.

CHENIN BLANC, occasionally labeled White Pinot, resembles the fruity whites of France's Loire; it is light and flowery.

Under U.S. laws, a varietal wine must contain at least 51% of the grape that is its namesake. If the label bears a vintage year, 95% of the wine has to be from the year mentioned. More and more California makers are dating even their mediocre products. Does vintage really matter? If a vine gets too little sun or too much rain one year, the grapes are likely to end up with a low sugar content and ferment into acidic, watery wine. If there is too much sunlight, the grapes can shrivel like raisins and produce overly sweet wine. In Europe, where such meteorological metamorphoses are fairly dramatic from year to year, vintage dating has an indisputable *raison d'être*. But in California, where sunlight is plentiful and rainfall consistent, one year's wine is not much different from the next. To help maintain uniformity further, many California vintners blend wines from different years to mask annual variations in quality. The trained tongue, however, can detect some yearly differences. This year's harvest, some of which will be on the shelves by next spring, will definitely be distinguished; the spring frost reduced the number of grapes on each vine, and surviving grapes had less competition for minerals from the soil.

Among California's more distinguished offerings:

| UNDER \$2.50* | |
|------------------------|---|
| Beaulieu | Grenache Rosé Burgundy |
| The Christian Brothers | Chablis Napa Rosé |
| Gallo | Hearty Burgundy Chablis Blanc Pink Chablis |
| Louis M. Martini | Gamay Rosé Mountain Barbera Mountain Zinfandel 1968 |
| Paul Masson | Emerald Dry |
| Wente Bros. | Chablis Dry Semillon |
| \$2.50 TO \$5.00 | |
| Almaden | Gewürztraminer Johannisberg Riesling |

*New York City Prices

| OVER \$5.00 | |
|---------------|---|
| Windsor | Chardonnay |
| Almaden | Blanc De Blancs (Champagne) |
| Beaulieu | Cabernet Sauvignon Georges de Latour Private Reserve 1968 |
| Chappellet | Chablis Blanc 1970 |
| Charles Krug | Cabernet Sauvignon 1966 |
| Fremont Abbey | Pinot Noir 1968 Pinot Chardonnay 1968 |
| Hanzell | Pinot Noir 1969 Pinot Chardonnay 1969 |
| Joseph Heitz | Pinot Chardonnay 1970 |
| Mayacamas | Cabernet Sauvignon 1968 |
| Oakville | Cabernet Sauvignon 1968 |
| Schramsberg | Blanc De Blancs 1969 (Champagne) |
| Souverain | Cabernet Sauvignon 1968 |

Miss Markit Mit

In 1928 Margaret Mead's teacher and friend, Ruth Benedict, went to lunch with Margaret's father. Later Anthropologist Benedict wrote to her student: "My congratulations, Margaret. I don't see how you ever grew up."

Indeed, growing up was a painful experience for America's most distinguished anthropologist—much more so than for the adolescents she describes in her classic books on coming of age in Samoa and New Guinea. However, Mead seems to regard the hurts of her early years not as obstacles but as spurs; she underlines this view with the title of her newly published autobiography: *Blackberry Winter* (William Morrow: \$8.95). To country people, that term designates the time when frost nips the blackberry blossoms—and thus, paradoxically, ensures a rich harvest.

By many measures, Mead has reaped such a harvest. She has made twelve field trips to the South Seas (where the natives, with affectionate respect, call her "Miss Markit Mit"). She has written 26 books and hundreds of articles about her findings in Oceania, her observations on Western society, and her conception of anthropology (a science that can "protect the future" by shedding light on "what man has been and is"). Though this prodigious output has brought her many honors, she has also received her share of criticism. Some scientists have charged that her methods are imprecise and that her broad pronouncements on contemporary culture are speculative and insubstantial (TIME, March 21, 1969).

Much of the credit for distinguish-

ing herself, Mead says, belongs to her paternal grandmother, "the most decisive influence in my life." Mead describes her in words that apply equally well to herself: "She was unquestionably feminine, and wholly without feminist aggrievement. She had gone to college when this was a very unusual thing for a girl to do, she had a firm grasp on anything she paid attention to, she married and had a child, and she had a career of her own."

All this was also true of Mead's mother, but she "was filled with passionate resentment about the condition of women." Mother had other problems. The family doctor considered Emily Fogg Mead "emotionally inadequate," her sisters criticized her "austerity," and Margaret herself writes that her mother "had no gift for play and very little for pleasure and comfort." For instance, "She conscientiously filled the 18 lamps we needed, but she let me arrange the flowers. She could neither tell nor make up stories, and there was always a touch of duty in the parties and games she planned for us." Partly for this reason—and because she considered herself less attractive than the other children in the family—Margaret assumed, at age eight, the role of "stage manager of family festivals," making table decorations and arranging settings in which her sister Priscilla could show off her beauty, her brother Dick could sing and her sister Elizabeth could dance and play the piano.

Father was a different part of the problem. There were "other women" in the life of Economist Edward Sherwood Mead: "One of them had red hair, and one almost persuaded him to marry

her." His voice was "loud and direct," the "imperative mode was very congenial to him," and when angry, he resorted to sarcasm and bitter parody. His judgments were "conservative" and "money-bound." He wanted Margaret to become a nurse because she was "not strong enough" to study for a college degree—though at the time she was carrying a heavy high school program, making the costumes for a school play and keeping house for her family.

Edward Mead's opposition led Margaret to explode in "one of the few fits of feminist rage I have ever had"; it did not keep her from going to college. But at DePauw University, where the 17-year-old Margaret had "expected to become a person," she was confronted instead with "the snobbery and cruelty of the sorority system at its worst." In a college that was then geared to producing Rotarians and garden-club members, her intellectual gifts were a handicap. Her atrocious clothes did not help: to a Kappa rushing party, she wore a dress of her own design; it suggested a wheatfield with poppies. Her sponsor turned her back at the sight, and Margaret found the evening "strangely confusing" because she did not then know that everyone had been given a signal to ignore her. The ostracism lasted all year, and for the first time Mead learned that both those who reject and those who are rejected generally suffer "irreversible character damage."

Sullen Weeds. After transferring to Barnard and graduating, Mead entered into the first of her three marriages, to a ministerial student named Luther Cressman. She had chosen him partly because he possessed the sensitivity to people's feelings that she so missed in her father. They had been engaged for five years and had read manuals on sexual technique, but they found at first that there were "moments of strangeness and disappointment to overcome." Overcome them they did, but Mead soon realized that she was writing poems that were "curiously contrapuntal to my expressed contentment." One, for instance, began, "Throttled by sullen weeds I lie..."

Within five years, Luther was succeeded by Reo Fortune, a New Zealand psychologist. Mead met him on her way home from Samoa, and when the ship landed in England, was so deeply engrossed in talk with him that she did not even see Luther waiting on the dock to greet her. Seven years later Reo was replaced by British Anthropologist Gregory Bateson under oddly similar circumstances. Emerging from a joint study trip to Kenakatem in New Guinea, Margaret and Reo joined Gregory in the nearby village of Kankanamun to compare notes for a few days. Though they had not previously met, all three slept in the same guesthouse. One night, reports Mead, "Reo woke to hear Greg and me talking," already immersed in "a kind of communication in which Reo did not share." When they

MEAD & CRESSMAN, 1918 (TOP RIGHT),
WITH FORTUNE, 1929 (LOWER RIGHT),
WITH BATESON, 1934



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BEHAVIOR

came out of the wilderness. Reo and Margaret parted. The new marriage, however, also ended in divorce.

All this seems to confirm Fordham Anthropologist Warren Swidler's observation that Mead's "private life has been a shambles: she's not been very happy, so she's gone outward. Much as she loves people, her great commitment is to science." Then how does Mead, with a disordered personal life, presume to counsel the young? The answer may well be that the same hurts that motivated Mead to achievement gave her the insights necessary to help others.

More significantly, *Blackberry Winter* raises more questions than it answers about what Mead is like as a person. Though it sketches vivid portraits of her parents, it is singularly uncommunicative about the author herself. Her fairness toward those who caused her suffering is admirable, but a spirited apologia and a bit of justifiable human anger would be more revealing. In fact, Mead's dispassionate recital of events that must have hurt her suggests a lifelong flight from personal feeling, and possibly even from people. One of the book's more revealing passages may be the one in which Mead describes her attic office at Manhattan's American Museum of Natural History: "It was the kind of room I had always chosen in each house we lived in. Among other advantages, there were two stairways leading up to the tower. This meant that one could creep down one stairway while someone whom one did not want to meet was coming up the other."

MILESTONES

Born. To Emerson Boozer, 29, hard-charging halfback of the New York Jets and leading touchdown scorer in the N.F.L. this season (13 in the first nine games), and Enez Boozer, 30; their first child, a daughter, in Huntington, Long Island. Name: Keva.

Married. David Steinberg, 32, well-traveled guest host of TV talk and variety shows, and a caustic, cerebral comic whose free rendering of Bible stories helped bounce the Smothers brothers from CBS; and Judy Marcione, 30, associate TV producer; he for the first time, she for the second, in Manhattan.

Married. Ken Venturi, 41, U.S. Open golf champion in 1964, now the pro at a Palm Springs, Calif., country club; and Beau Wheat, 38, restaurant hostess; both for the second time; in Cathedral City, Calif., where Frank Sinatra, after giving away the bride, hosted a celebrity-studded reception.

Died. Margaret Webster, 67, Shakespearean director and last member of one of Britain's most famous theatrical families; of cancer; in London. Descended from a 19th century clan of classical actors and the daughter of Ben Webster and Dame May Whitty, Webster served her own apprenticeship as a performer on the London stage during the '20s. She found her métier, however, as a Broadway director more than a decade later, and her major triumphs of the '30s and '40s (*Richard II*, *Hamlet*, *Twelfth Night*) made Shakespeare a New York box office success.

Died. Charles Litton, 68, electronics engineer who in 1932 founded—in his California garage—a microwave-tube company that later formed the nucleus of the Litton Industries conglomerate; of heart disease; in Carson City, Nev. After his original company grew to annual sales of \$3,000,000 and became a rival to established electronic

firms in the East, Litton sold his interests for \$1,000,000 in 1953 to Entrepreneur Charles B. ("Tex") Thornton. While keeping the Litton name, Thornton transformed the company into a versatile giant which in 1971 had sales of over \$2 billion.

Died. Martin Dies, 71, progenitor of the old House Un-American Activities Committee and chairman during its first six stormy years; of an apparent heart attack, in Lufkin, Texas. A burly Texan first elected to Congress in 1930, Dies won approval for the creation of HUAC in 1938 to "investigate subversion and un-American propaganda." In tempestuous, headline-making public hearings, Dies attacked all manner of supposed subversives, including Communists, fascists, atheists, advocates of nudism, and New Dealers, whom he characterized as "an army of radical associates and crackpots." Dies' inquisitorial style set a pattern that the committee followed for years and that Joseph McCarthy adopted in the Senate. But Dies himself declined to run for a seventh term in 1944 because of ill health and strong opposition from organized labor. When he returned in 1953, he was unable to regain either the chairmanship of his committee or his former influence.

Died. Rudolf Friml, 92, prolific composer king of schmaltz, popular light opera in the 1920s (*The Vagabond King*, *Rose-Marie*, *The Three Musketeers*); in Hollywood. Trained in Prague as a classical pianist and composer, Friml moved to the U.S. in 1906 and within six years had written his first Broadway operetta. A master of the improbably plotted, swashbuckling romance, he eventually composed 30 major works that included a string of hit songs (*Indian Love Call*, *Donkey Serenade*). When Broadway tastes changed, Friml tried adapting his work to film, but with little success.

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Hangover from Hubris

THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST

by DAVID HALBERSTAM

688 pages. Random House. \$10.

Like Viet Nam itself, *The Best and the Brightest* starts with a thread and leads into a labyrinth. The beginning is the simple question: "Why, why had it happened?" Before David (*The Making of a Quagmire*) Halberstam, one of the pre-eminent war correspondents of that undeclared war, can contain his question, he is deep in his own maze, wrestling with his own minotaur. It is an awesomely pretentious and yet unavoidable monster, which he describes as "a book about America and in particular about power and success in America, what the country was, who the leadership was, how they got ahead, what their perceptions were about themselves... And so on, and so on."

Above all, Halberstam's Viet Nam is a disaster made to seem as inexorable as Greek tragedy. Here, in all conceivable detail, is the story of confident men misled by ambition, by pride, by a kind of moral and political blindness into a still incredible catastrophe—one in which a whole nation appeared to lose its innocence along with them.

Like all proper tragedies, *The Best and the Brightest* begins with *hubris*: the certainty of a young and ebullient President Kennedy and his New Frontiersmen that they constituted an elite, "a new breed of thinkers-doers" who could handle the world, to say nothing of what President Johnson was to refer to as "a raggedy-ass little fourth-rate country." Halberstam's satirical passion

is to discount Camelot mercilessly—all the famous "pragmatists," the zesty lovers of power, the "lean, swift young men who thought it quite acceptable to have idealistic thoughts and dreams just so long as you never admitted them."

At times, for all his series of painstakingly individual biographies, Halberstam seems to be in the process of inventing a sort of composite Kennedy man: Walt McNamara Rostow-Bundy. A man with "impeccable credentials" (the phrase occurs again and again) and the small withering smile that confirms them. A man less liberal than he might try to look. A superclerk, the "supreme mover of papers," possessed by the belief that sheer intelligence and rationality could answer and solve anything.

Again as in all proper tragedies, there are choruses to sound the alarm on the McNamara Rostow-Bundys, including old Senate Majority Leader Sam Rayburn ("I'd feel a whole lot better about them if just one of them had run for sheriff once"). There was also plenty of handwriting on the walls. As early as 1954, General Matthew Ridgway had drawn up a report indicating that if the U.S. wanted to follow France into Indochina the price would be between 500,000 and 1,000,000 men tied down to a prolonged guerrilla war.

Camelot ignored all this and went blithely into the quagmire—"a war," writes Halberstam, "which no one wanted, but which the rhetoric seemed to necessitate." Not only the rhetoric of ritualistic anti-Communism but the rhetoric of *machismo*: the compensatory swagger of the liberal, the intellectual, to demonstrate he was a *Republik* he-man by the American code.



DAVID HALBERSTAM
Tragedy of the superclerks.

Here Halberstam simplifies in his zeal to give history a firm story line. He is more thoroughly convincing when he depicts what might be called the debacle of drift.

One of the solid virtues of *The Best and the Brightest* is the way Halberstam breaks down the tragedy of Viet Nam policy, showing it in slow motion. In fact, at first it all went deceptively slowly, a careless drift into a game of "counterinsurgency and special forces." To support a policy that was no policy, only a momentum, the Kennedy Administration, Halberstam charges, "invented Diem and his country," then became captive to its own myth. Escalation was only the logical extension of an original departure from reality. Perhaps the most sobering Halberstam homily concludes thus: "The best way for civilians to harness generals" is to "stay out of wars."

As a moralist, Halberstam tends to

Some of the book's prime targets comment:



THE four men above bear the brunt of David Halberstam's criticism. Two of them, Robert McNamara, who left the Defense Department in 1968 to become president of the World Bank, and ex-Presidential Adviser McGeorge Bundy, president of the Ford Foundation, refused to comment on the book. Former Secretary of State Dean Rusk, now professor of international law at the University of Georgia, had not read the book but told TIME: "I suspect Halberstam's biggest problem was that we didn't base our policy on his reporting from

Viet Nam. This amateur psychiatry, talking about things like *machismo*—if that's what he does—is nonsense." Walt Rostow, former Kennedy and Johnson aide and now a professor of history at the University of Texas, has an article in the December *Esquire* replying to an excerpt from *The Best and the Brightest*. "From 1961 to 1968," he writes, "I believed the war could only be materially shortened by putting substantial U.S. forces on the ground." But he denies Halberstam's charge that he ever said the war would end in six months.



This many people died on our roads last year.

Almost 55,000.

Of course, a big share of the blame belongs to simple human error, alcohol, mechanical failures and lack of proper safety devices. But a big share also belongs to something else.

Out-dated roads.

Last year's death rate on our old highways was nearly double the rate on our modern Interstate Highway System. For this reason alone, we should complete the Interstate as soon as possible. So it can save even more than the 150 to 200 lives a week it's saving now.

Even more important, we must improve the safety of the other

roads we have. By widening them, straightening out dangerous curves, increasing visibility, developing longer passing zones, eliminating narrow bridges and soft, narrow shoulders and improving rail crossings.

There are a lot of good reasons for making our roads safer.

Enough to fill up a football stadium.



We can make the world a better place to live in. Caterpillar machines will help.

CATERPILLAR



At Christmas,
Jamaican children
look forward to getting
gifts from Santa Claus.
And getting
frightened by John Canoe.

John Canoe goes "boo." And
kiddies scamper.

For John Canoe is scary Satan
or spooky Cow (pictured) or any
monster-y mummer.

But a fake.

John Canoe is for fun
(Even the kids know it.)

Christmas in Jamaica is John
Canoes dancing in streets.

And people thronging (like Mardi
Gras).

It's fairs, garden parties, beach
picnics. And trees dotted with cot-
ton "snow." And *bushes* of poinsettia
in backyards.

And it's warm and green, not
frosty and white.

Very different.

Like our Labor Day in May when
our whole country *labors*. (We go
out in masses to paint, fix up,
beautify.)

Our biggest, longest holiday is
Independence with pageants,
beauty contests, festivals of art,
crafts, song, dance, drama from
June to August.

Summer's lively.

We make "events" too, out of
Race Days (Saturdays).

Out of "outings" (to Dunn's River
Falls, Negril Beach, Lime Cay).

Even *funerals*. (Whole villages
congregate for "Nine Night" rites.)

New Year's?

We gather under stars. On
beaches. With balloons, fireworks,
popping corks.

It's a ball.

For more of fun, festivities, fetes
and Firsts of the Year, Jamaica-style,
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In addition, the trees are fertilized every five years or so. Here we take

special care to make sure we don't harm the environment. Actually, the amount of fertilizer is less than a homeowner uses on his lawn in a single year.

Then when the trees are about 15 years old, we thin the forest so the healthier, stronger trees aren't crowded in any way.

Thinning is required once again around the thirtieth year. The trees that are thinned will be turned into lumber, or pulp for paper and tissues.

The final harvest will occur when the trees are about 50 or 60 years old. This harvest, along with the thinnings, will produce about one-third more wood volume than nature would have provided on the same land.

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The Tree Growing Company.

BOOKS

paint his villains monochromatic black. The distinctions between tormented, self-divided men like McNamara and a hyperoptimist like Rostow get blurred by the author's urge to define a single Viet Nam type. Halberstam's heroes seem more varied, more living. His few heroes are the men who said no:

► Averell Harriman, described by an aide as "the only ambitious seventy-seven-year-old I've ever met," fighting optimists like General Maxwell Taylor ("the key military figure," Halberstam thinks, "in all the estimates").

► George Ball, "the theologian," and "the last man in Washington to write his own speeches," warning that Viet Nam might require 300,000 American troops. Kennedy's answer: "George, you're crazier than hell."

► Daniel Ellsberg, cornering McNamara on a plane to argue against escalation—"a Dostoevskian figure" in mortal combat with a computer.

But, as with a classical tragedy, there was no turning back. By 1965, the proud, rational men had "completely lost control," and a bitter Lyndon Johnson was left to watch the Great Society come all unstuck, while only Dean Rusk remained "steadfast" and only Walt Rostow dared offer hopeful predictions "like Rasputin to a Tsar under siege."

What lessons in hindsight does Halberstam learn? The "national security" policymakers, he concludes, have constituted a club, a dangerously self-perpetuating Establishment, an inner Government confident of its expertise and zealous to guard itself by secrecy and quick retaliation from the democratic uses of criticism.

What is the solution next time? Halberstam is a bold, even reckless generalizer. He has not hesitated to indict an entire political generation. But even he falters at this point. Rather weakly he waves the flag of the new populism—an alliance of "Negroes, women, workers" that will somehow transfer power from the elite to the grass roots. He hopes vaguely that an excess of bloody rationalism will produce a re-kindled "need for political humanism."

Halberstam's nearly 700 pages of doom dwarf his tentative footnote on salvation. Can there be a cure for a disease to which there is no diagnosis? An American tragedy, the war deserves, like this book about it, the summary of the Greek tragedy *Antigone*: "The pains that men will take to come to pain." The only comfort may lie in the usual hangover from *hubris*. A nation that never doubted its invincibility and its innocence, as if those two were one, should never be that awfully certain of itself again. Who can quarrel with Halberstam here? The danger may be that, given the notorious wide swings of the American pendulum, the next phase will be corrosive self-doubt and excessive withdrawal from the world. With luck, though, the loss of *hubris* may lead to a new realism without fatigue or despair.

■ Melvin Moddocks

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**Eyewitness News
5, 6 and 10**



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family Scotch—drop by drop—for eight full years. Our distillery is still Grant owned and Grant operated with the kind of dedication Auntie Fiona would be pleased with. And we still celebrate every year with her Christmas pie.

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BOOKS

The Product

SADNESS

by DONALD BARTHELME

183 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

Donald Barthelme hit the fan during the great Pop art inversion with his short-story collection *Come Back, Dr. Caligari* (1964). Like his counterparts in painting, Barthelme was out to turn the boring, the banal and the shiny waste of the world's largest consumer society into art with a small *a*—the smaller the better. "Fragments are the only forms I trust," he wrote, and his plotless arrangements of culture-junk, blown-up clichés and absurd juxtapositions of daily monotony showered down like confetti.

The intent was to satirize, and the target was anything that had become overgrown with acceptance or nostalgia. In 1967, he freshened his slant with *Snow White*, a novel whose transformed



DONALD BARTHELME
A saint on beige carpeting.

fairy-tale heroine swept away the Disney dust by writing dirty poems and commingling in the shower with the Seven Dwarfs, who otherwise labored over large vats, manufacturing Chinese baby food.

The delights of such an exercise are obvious. Moving from one effect to another is no great strain on two of the fastest-dwindling resources of the times: patience and attention span. *Sadness*, a new collection of stories again finds Barthelme at home with the malaise, detachment and emotional jaundice of the sophisticated, urban middle class. In *The Party*, King Kong, introduced as an adjunct professor of art history at Rutgers, enters and "all of the guests uttered loud exclamations of fatigue and disgust, examining the situation in the light of their own needs... Poor old psychoanalysis gets its lumps

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BOOKS

again in *The Sandman*. The lover of the analysand writes a very convincing letter to the analyst, arguing respectfully that "Joy is not Susan's bag," and that she really would rather use the money to buy a piano.

New Yorker cartoons without pictures? Indeed, nearly all the stories first appeared in that magazine. At times Barthelme even dabbles in the first-person plural as if he were spoofing the "We" of *The Talk of the Town*. Only once does he break tone and give a hint of the robust tall-tale telling of his native Texas. He describes his grandfather, who, with good looks and a bottle of Teamster's Early Grave, convinced a conservation-minded wood nymph to transform herself "into one million board feet of one-by-ten of the very poorest quality neatly stacked in railroad cars on a siding outside of Fort Riley, Kans." Barthelme concludes: "Actually, he just plain cut down the trees."

Human weakness is not quite so charming in *The Temptation of St. Anthony*. Living an ordinary life in an apartment with beige carpeting, the saint becomes the object of neighborly speculation aimed at bringing him down to the level of fallibility. The reason is simple: "If you decided that St. Anthony actually was a saint, then you would have to act a certain way toward him, pay homage, perhaps change your life a bit."

As a satirist of a society in which ideas, emotions and talent are consumed and disposed of as readily as other products, Barthelme himself is in danger of going into the public maw. His distinctive style and fractured vision are now so refined and of such a predictable consistency that they begin to remind one of—well, Chinese baby food.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

The Uh-Uh Market

SUPERMONEY

by "ADAM SMITH"

301 pages. Random House. \$7.95.

In *The Money Game*, George J.W. Goodman, alias Adam Smith, told all about the stock market surge of the mid-'60s: spiraling "go-go" mutual funds and other forms of seemingly instant wealth. Now that the party has, to put it mildly, ended, Smith takes an equally knowledgeable and witty look at the market's four-year hangover. Former go-go artists will enjoy *Supermoney* (already a bestseller) about as much as Napoleon would have liked *War and Peace*.

"Supermoney" is ordinary, old-fashioned wealth that has been transformed—and sometimes wildly inflated—by America's voracious capital market. Should Frank and Jim of Frank & Jim's Bar become lucky enough to find themselves the target of an ITT takeover, for example, they might well walk away with ITT stock worth 25

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It's spicy. And when you serve dishes that people have been spicing up for centuries, you need wine that's been bred to bring fiery dishes down to tolerable temperatures. In Hungary, where people eat what must be the spiciest diet on earth, they keep their cool with Greyfriar Szurkebarát—a dry, full-bodied white wine with a characteristic mellow bouquet. Now this classic Hungarian vintage is available in better package stores here. Next time you're serving spicy food, take the edge off the way the Hungarians do.



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International Vintage Wines, San Francisco

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International Vintage Wines, San Francisco



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times their annual earnings. In the period of reckless conglomerating a few years ago, countless paper fortunes were traded away by the big boys on Frank & Jim ventures. Then credit got tight, a lot of good buyers turned out to be terrible managers, and the system came appallingly close to collapse. Smith shows how both the commercial banks and the brokers just about went under in the superbad year of 1970.

The book is at its best describing the follies committed by people and institutions that are supposed to be the epitome of reason and prudence. During the great splurge, dividend money in the hands of aggressive investors was often looked on as merely another tool to manipulate stock prices. As a source of stable income, the philosophy went, "dividends are for old ladies." The eventual losers included some of the hitherto most conservatively managed money groups in the country—including university endowment funds, whose trustees were urged to pursue "unconventional investing" by no less influential a benefactor than the president of the Ford Foundation. Result: many funds got stuck with worthless paper.

Not everyone in the land of Supermoney is a villain. For instance, there is Warren Buffett, manager of a private investment fund that grew to \$105 million at the incredible appreciation rate of 31% compounded annually over 15 years. Buffett was not exactly one of your Wall Street hot-shots. Headquartered in a pleasant residential section of Omaha, he rarely talked to the security-analyst savants of New York City, and operated on the out-of-date theory that a stock should reflect a company's intrinsic value.

■ William R. Doerner

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (1 last week)
- 2—August 1914, Solzhenitsyn (2)
- 3—Semi-Tough, Jenkins (3)
- 4—The Winds of War, Wouk (4)
- 5—On the Night of the Seventh Moon, Half (6)
- 6—The Odessa File, Forsyth (5)
- 7—To Serve Them All My Days, Delderfield (7)
- 8—The Breast, Roth (8)
- 9—The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing, Durham (10)
- 10—Captains and the Kings, Coldwell (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—Supermoney, Smith (2)
- 2—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (1)
- 3—The Peter Prescription, Peter (4)
- 4—Eleanor: The Years Alone, Losh (3)
- 5—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (9)
- 6—Paris Was Yesterday 1925-1939, Flanner (10)
- 7—Open Marriage, Nena and George O'Neill (6)
- 8—A Nation of Strangers, Packard (7)
- 9—Luce and His Empire, Swanson (8)
- 10—O Jerusalem!, Collins and Lapierre (5)

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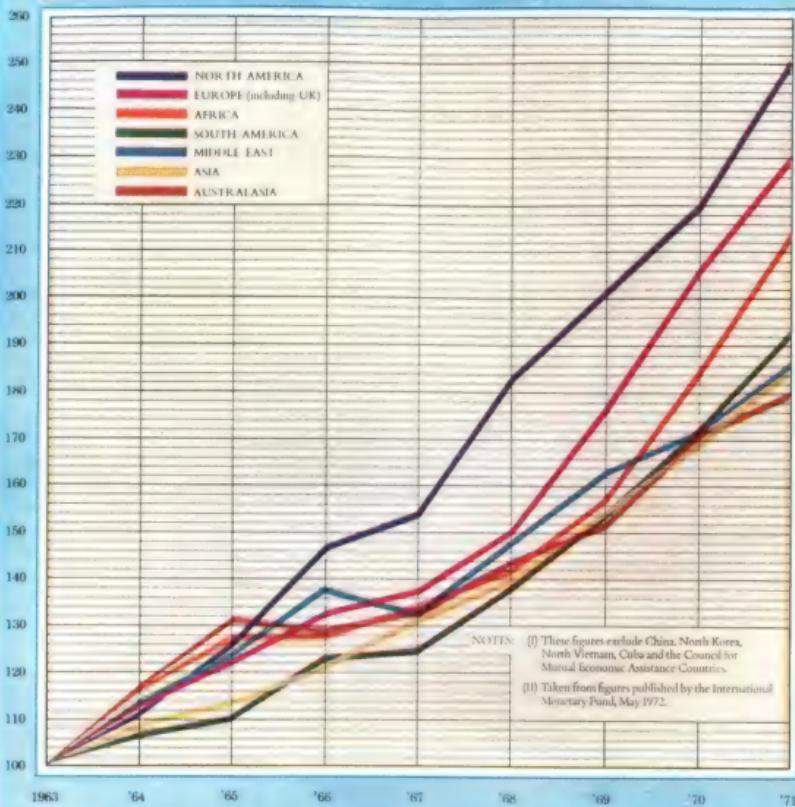


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A Child Shall Lead Them

"I want to look in my locker room and see bald old men, guys who have been through it—winners." That was the demand made by George Allen when he took over as coach of the Washington Redskins last year. After 19 trades involving 33 players, Allen got what he wanted: the oldest* and most experienced team in the National Football League—plus one. For all his attention to aging veterans, Allen wisely held on to Running Back Larry Brown, a Redskin holdover who in size (5 ft. 11 in., 195 lbs.) and years (25) is a comparative toddler. The combination paid off. This season, with eight wins and only one loss, the Redskins are not only leading their division but they even have plans to go all the way to the Super Bowl. If Allen's over-the-hill gang does make it to that post-season promised land, a child named Brown shall lead them.

Three weeks ago, bursting through the middle like a Brahman bull, he scored two touchdowns and ran for 191 yds. as Washington downed the New York Giants 23-16. The following week the New York Jets had everyone but the ticket takers ganging up on Brown's line plunges. So late in the game he slipped outside, gathered in a screen pass and romped 89 yds. down the sidelines to score the touchdown that broke the Jets' back in the Redskins' 35-17 victory. Last week in Washington the Giants came back for more, and Brown saved his best for last. With the score tied 13-13 late in the fourth quarter, he carried the ball six times and scored two touchdowns in 63 seconds to bury the Giants 27-13. Bettering 100 yds. in rushing for the sixth time this year, Brown boosted his season total to 995 yds. and widened his runaway lead as the N.F.L.'s top ground gainer.

Eighty Round. The No. 1 honorees, which automatically make Brown the No. 1 target on any given Sunday, have not come easily. "I spend all day Monday in bed," he says, "because every Sunday I take such a beating." The pain is familiar. Brown was raised in Pittsburgh in a black ghetto known as "the Hill." It was so rough, he says, that "you wouldn't go there and stand on the corner. You'd be afraid. But that's where I played. I played tackle on concrete."

College scouts were not overly impressed. The best deal Brown could manage was a scholarship to Dodge City Junior College in Kansas. And that came with a specific condition: he had to make the team (he did). Two years later, he transferred to Kansas State,



REDSKINS' ALLEN APPLAUDING HIS GANG
On to the promised land?

where he was used primarily as a blocking back. In the 1969 pro draft he was overlooked—probably because of his size—until the eighth round, when the Redskins finally picked him. Brown bristles at the memory of that slight. "Everybody's got a big-back theory," he says, "but it's not size that counts. It's heart and determination."

Vined Lombardi could not have said it better. Brown, in fact, still relates more to Lombardi, the late Redskin coach, than to Allen. "I owe that man everything," Brown says of Lombardi, who coached him in his first season in the big league. "He was a great coach. George Allen is great too, but he's much more defense oriented. Lombardi taught me to believe in myself, to believe I could make it." When Brown first arrived at training camp, even Lombardi admitted to having some doubts. Noticing that the rookie was slow at responding to signals, the coach shouted: "What's wrong with you, Brown? Are you deaf?" Replied Brown, passively: "Yes, sir. I can't hear out of my left ear." Lombardi immediately ordered a \$400 helmet-rigged with a hearing aid, and, as Brown says, "it made all the difference." To rectify Brown's habit of dropping passes, Lombardi had another straightforward solution: he ordered the rookie to carry a football wherever he went.

The strategy paid off handsomely. In his freshman season Brown rushed for 888 yds. to become the league's fourth leading ground gainer. As a bonus, he also caught 34 passes for an additional 302 yds. After 3½ years in the N.F.L., Brown has piled up more yardage—2 miles 1,436 yds. to be exact



RUNNING BACK BROWN ON THE MOVE

—than anyone else in the league. As the boy hero of Allen's antiquarians, there seems to be no stopping him. "You don't tackle Brown," says St. Louis Defensive Tackle Bob Rowe, "you just hit him and hope help comes along." How long can Larry Brown hold out as the No. 1 target? "The key for me," he says, "is being quick, changing direction on a dime." Brown plans to remain quick. "Who's to say that I won't still have my legs at 30?" By that time, in fact, he will also have something that he now lacks: the requisite years of service to qualify as a bona fide member of the over-the-hill gang.

Soccer to 'Em

"*Bon zonati! Bon zonati!*" The chant at the soccer match between Tel Aviv Hapoel and Jerusalem Hapoel was not a cheer for the home team but an angry denunciation of the referees. Though the epithet means "Son of a whore" in Hebrew, the referees were more relieved than offended; after all, the abuse was merely verbal.

All too frequently, volatile Israeli fans show their displeasure by stoning, beating up and even chasing the refs with knives and axes. After one stormy game, Referee Julius Josephson had to take refuge in an army camp to escape a man hunt by seven carloads of irate spectators. Referee Shimon Chogeg, co-owner of a sports shop, was less fortunate. Incensed by one of his decisions, a gang of fans bombed his shop, causing \$2,000 damage. Says Chogeg: "I've been a referee for seven years and every Saturday I've seen violence. Even the ushers threaten me."

Violence in the name of the game of soccer is a worldwide phenomenon, hardly unique to Israel. Altercations are so common that in Bulgaria, for in-

*Some of Allen's more notable veteran acquisitions are Defensive End Ron McDole, 33; Quarterback Billy Kilmer, 33; Linebacker Myron Potis, 33; Safety Roosevelt Taylor, 35; and Linebacker Jack Pardee, 36.

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stance, a judge set up his court on the sidelines to prosecute offenders on the spot, while in Rio de Janeiro one team requested that the moat built round their field be stocked with piranhas. In Israel the Union of Referees has decided on a more practical tactic. Last April, after a record total of 42 referees were injured in 175 riots and fights during the season, the union went on strike. "Soccer fields have become battlefields," Labor Party Member Shoshana Arbeli said in a speech before the Knesset (parliament). "Human life is in danger. Hatred is fomented between one town and another. The referees are right to strike."

The Israeli government agreed, and now at last something is being done about the problem. Pinhas Koppell, a

DAVID RUBINGER



POLICE BATTLING ISRAELI SOCCER PLAYERS
Even the ushers are threatening.

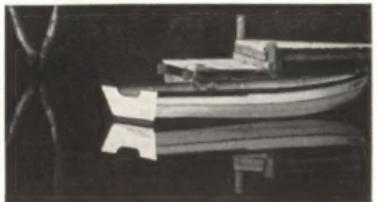
former police inspector-general, has been put in charge of the Football Federation and will supervise a three-year, \$750,000 program to civilize soccer. Referees have been granted disability pay if injured, and their life insurance policies have been doubled. Penalties for violence are stiff and swift. For damaging a referee's car, the players on one team were suspended for up to three years, and their stadium was closed down. For spitting at a referee, Jerusalem Hapoel's Zion Turjeman was suspended for four games (weakened by the loss of its star left wing, the Jerusalem team lost in the state-cup finals and dropped to last place in the standings). After its fans stoned a referee and destroyed a team bus, league-leading Beersheba Hapoel was ordered to play two games in an empty stadium 30 miles from their home field. The team not only lost an estimated \$10,000 in gate receipts, but lost both games and later toppled to 13th place.

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program for fans, game tickets are now printed with standard admonitions: "Don't cause your team to be punished. Do everything you can to calm people around you." Israeli TV and radio will soon carry programs on sportsmanship, and schoolchildren will be instructed to cheer rather than boo an outstanding play by an opposing team. Acknowledging that the education may not be 100% effective, the Football Association also plans to erect security fences between the fields and the stands. For all the preventive measures, however, many soccer officials feel that it will take more than one season to bring about any significant changes. Noting that 15 officials have already been injured in the first two months of the current season, Referee Chogeg laments: "Once a referee in Israel was an honored man. Not so any more. I can't quit because it is in my blood. But I would not suggest that any young man get into it now."

A Run for the Money

Pity the poor track and field star. If he is lucky, he may win one of the few college scholarships offered in his sport. If he is good enough to win a few events, he receives about as much acclaim as the runner-up in a homecoming-queen contest. Even if he is the best in the world, he must still sit back at graduation time and watch the football and basketball heroes pick off six-figure bonuses for turning pro. So what is left for him? Trips to a few A.A.U. meets perhaps—or maybe even a crack at an Olympic gold medal, which for an amateur requires a costly expenditure of time and money for a questionable return. Miler Jim Ryun, for example, spent long, arduous years training for the 1972 Munich Olympics. Then one disastrous spill in a qualifying heat lost him the chance to compete in the big event.

In an all-out effort to improve the athletes' lot, Sports Promoter Michael O'Hara has announced the formation of a professional track and field circuit that will give displaced stars like Ryun a chance to run for the money. The new International Track Association has already signed Ryun and other world record holders such as Pole Vaulter Bob Seagren and Shot Putter Randy Matson. O'Hara, one of the founders of the American Basketball Association, says the I.T.A. will make its debut next year with as many as 48 meets in the U.S., Canada and Europe. There will be \$500 first prizes in twelve different events, including two for women. Looking ahead, Ryun figures that "a good year could be worth \$18,000 and up at the beginning." That may sound like nothing more than carfare to a basketball bonus baby. Not to Ryun, who is a photographer by trade. Last year the rangy miler, one of the world's most outstanding athletes, earned a grand total of \$8,000.

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